

Florida

Fishing Improvement Program

The Big Bass Belt

*Fishing • Hunting
• Conservation •
Outdoor Recreation*

WILDLIFE

JULY 1966

The Florida Magazine for all Sportsmen

25 CENTS

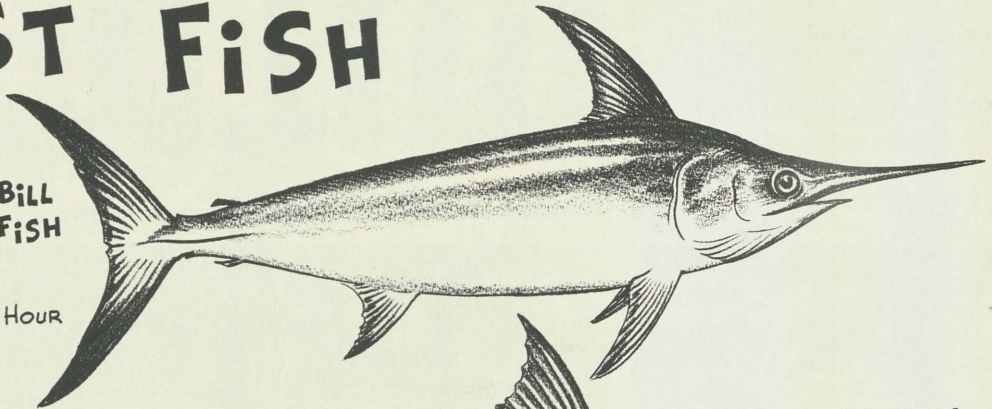


Florida Wildlife Scrapbook

FAST FiSH

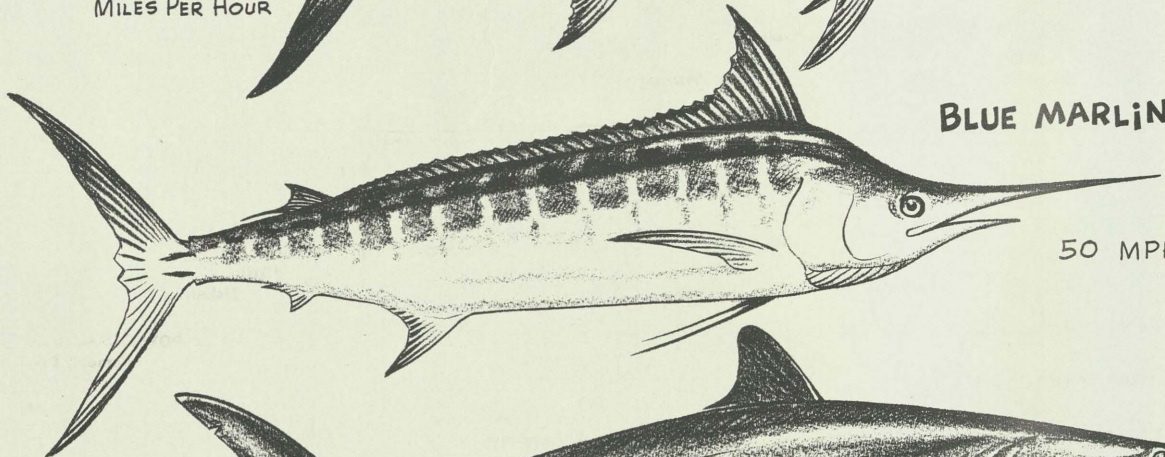
**BROADBILL
SWORDFISH**

70
MILES PER HOUR

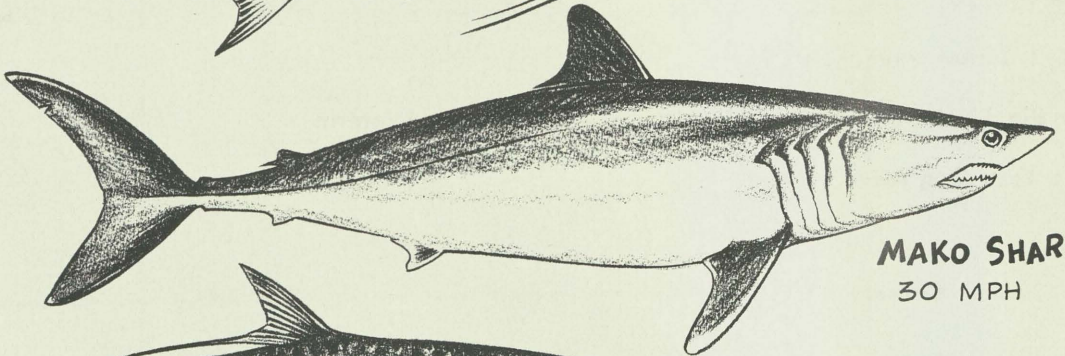


BLUE MARLIN

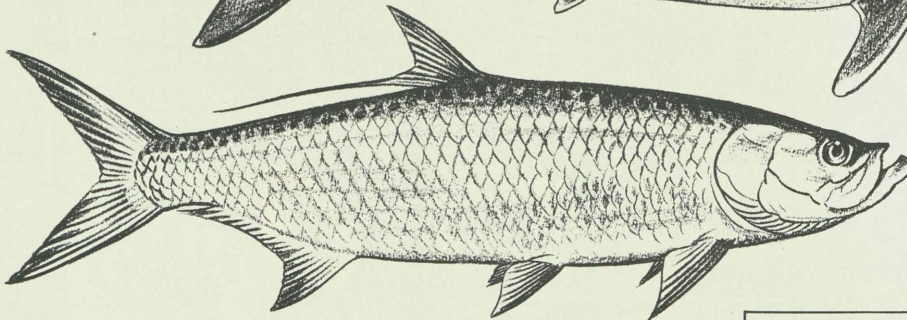
50 MPH



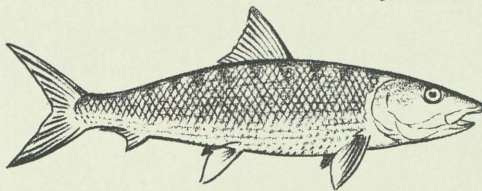
MAKO SHARK
30 MPH



TARPON
35 MPH



BONEFISH 22 MPH



WITH THE USE OF TIMING DEVICES ATTACHED TO FISHING RODS, STOP WATCHES, COMPARISON WITH MOVING BOATS AND TIMING OF MOTION PICTURES THE SWIMMING SPEEDS OF MANY KINDS OF FISH HAVE BEEN RECORDED • HERE ARE A FEW OF THE FASTEST COMPARED WITH MAN'S TIME OF 4 MPH

W.F.

— FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

Florida WILDLIFE

JULY 1966

VOL. 20 NO. 2

official publication of the
Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission
State of Florida

★

BILL HANSEN *Editor*

WALLACE HUGHES *Art Director*

C. L. SATTERFIELD *Circulation Manager*

In This Issue

The Conservation Job	Ernest Swift	5
Cape Florida Lighthouse	John Fix	6
Fishing Improvement Program	Art Hutt	12
The Big Bass Belt	Charles Waterman	18
Keep Your Dog Alive	G. Ross Parsons	24

Departments

Conservation Scene	4
Fishing	9
Boating	27
Muzzle Flashes	30


The Cover

For summer-time outdoor recreation — family vacation camping at Econfina Springs, in northwest Florida's Bay County.

Color Photo From Florida State News Bureau

FLORIDA WILDLIFE is published monthly by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla. Single copy price, 25¢. Subscription rates: 1-year, \$2.50; 2-year, \$4.75; 3-year, \$6.25. Change of address should be reported promptly. The Commission assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts and illustrative materials. Permission is granted to reprint text materials, EXCEPT for advertising and commercial purposes, provided full credit is given FLORIDA WILDLIFE, and contributors. Clearance must be made with photographers and artists to reproduce illustrations. Entered as Second Class Matter Nov. 8, 1947, at the U.S. Post Office, Tallahassee, Fla., under the Act of August 24, 1912.

Copyright 1966 by
Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission
Tallahassee, Florida 32304

ROSE  TALLAHASSEE

COMMISSION

W. B. COPELAND, Chairman
Jacksonville
Northeast Region

RONALD WISE, DeFuniak Springs
Northwest Region

HAROLD W. ASHLEY, Melrose
Central Region

JACK CLIETT, Wauchula
Southern Region

W. THOMAS McBROOM, Miami
Everglades Region

★

ADMINISTRATION

DR. O. E. FRYE, JR., Director

H. E. WALLACE
Assistant Director

JOEL McKINNON
Administrative Assistant

JOHN W. WOODS, Chief
Fisheries Division

JAMES A. POWELL, Chief
Game Management Division

BRANTLEY GOODSON, Chief
Law Enforcement Division

JAMES T. FLOYD, Chief
Information-Education Division

★

RHETT McMILLIAN, Chief
Communications Division
Federal Communications Bldg.
New Smyrna Beach, Florida

★

REGIONAL OFFICES

Northwest Region
T. L. GARRISON, Manager
226 Airport Drive
Panama City, Florida

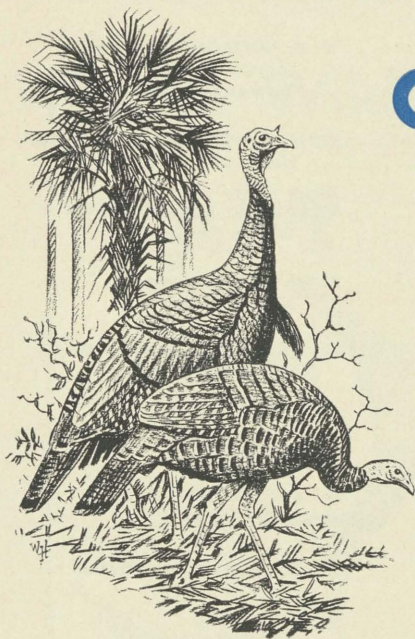
Northeast Region
ROBERT BRANTLY, Manager
P.O. Box 908
Lake City, Florida

Central Region
J. W. BICKERSTAFF, Manager
2520 E. Silver Springs Blvd.
Ocala, Florida

Southern Region
J. O. BROWN, Manager
2202 Lakeland Hills Blvd.
Lakeland, Florida

Everglades Region
LOUIS F. GAINES, Manager
551 North Military Trail
West Palm Beach, Florida

CONSERVATION SCENE



A STATEWIDE PROGRAM designed to recognize outstanding accomplishments by individuals and organizations in the wise use and management of Florida's natural resources was announced today by the Florida Wildlife Federation. Known as the 1966 Conservation Achievement Program, the special project is part of a nationwide conservation education effort of the National Wildlife Federation and its state affiliates and is sponsored by the Sears-Roebuck Foundation.

In announcing the 1966 program for Florida, a sequel to the successful Governor's Conservation Award Program of last year, Don Southwell, president of the Florida Federation said, "This program is designed to recognize outstanding accomplishment in the cause of conservation, but more important, it is being conducted to teach others, by precept and example, how they might take a more active role in promoting the wise use and management of Florida's natural resources—our soils, waters, forests, fish and wildlife."

The 1966 Conservation Achievement Program will honor individuals or organizations in ten categories: State Conservationist of the Year, Wildlife, Youth, For-

estry, Soil and Water, Salt Water Resources, Education, Adult Guidance of Youth Conservation Effort, Conservation Organization and Conservation Communications.

State winners will receive trophies consisting of unique statuettes of symbolic species of American wildlife. They will be publicly recognized at a special Recognition Meeting to be held in Palm Beach in September.

Waterfowl Nesting Survey

AN EXTENSIVE AIR and ground survey of major waterfowl nesting areas in the United States and Canada has begun amid reports of improved water conditions in the Continent's major duck nesting region on the northern prairies, the Department of the Interior announced recently.

"There are early indications that the water situation is improved," said Director John S. Gottschalk of the Department's Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. "But it takes nesting ducks as well as water to produce birds and the May survey has two specific objectives—a check of nesting conditions and a count of the breeding population of ducks."

"We will release regular reports on what our field biologists are finding, although an accurate reading on the situation can come only when the surveys are completed."

The so-called "prairie pothole" country, a vast region that includes the Dakotas, western Minnesota, eastern Montana, and a large part of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba, is often called

North America's "duck factory." The potholes are glacier-gouged ponds and lakes which, with good rainfall, are ideal duck nesting sites.

A severe drought in the pothole region, beginning in 1957, was broken in 1965 when snowmelt and summer rains raised water levels in many of the natural ponds. The breeding stock of ducks, however, was so drastically reduced during the drought that improved water conditions in 1965 emphasized a shortage of nesting birds.

The 1965 hunting regulations were designed to send more breeders back to the prairies this summer.

"Our goal is to rebuild the breeding population to take advantage of the restored nesting areas," Gottschalk said. "Any change from last year's restrictive shooting regulations will depend on the output from an increased duck breeding population, plus better water conditions. The information our field biologists gather this summer will tell the story."

Tortugas Bird Banding

FOR THE 13th season, the Tern colonies at the Dry Tortugas are being visited by a scientific banding party intent on revealing characteristics in the life histories of the Sooty and Brown Noddy Terns. In North America only the small islands of the Dry Tortugas, 70 miles west of Key West, support nesting colonies of these tropical terns. At present the population is estimated at
(Continued on page 32)

Wildlife Stamps For Conservation Programs

FOUR SPECIES of endangered American Wildlife, plus one species that has been extinct since 1914, are featured on a new edition of Wildlife stamps now being mailed to thousands of conservationists across the country by the National Wildlife Federation.

Prepared under the direction of Federation Art Director Roger Tory Peterson, the original paintings from which the stamps were reproduced feature the work of two well-known wildlife artists—Al Kreml and Don Eckelberry. Species depicted in full color on the sheet of 50 decorative stamps are the whooping crane, ivory-billed woodpecker, key deer, passenger pigeon, and grizzly bear. Once the most abundant bird in North America, the last passenger pigeon died in the Cincinnati Zoo in 1914. It became extinct because of loss of habitat as hardwood forests were clear-cut and burned, coupled with over-harvest by market hunters. The other species, now endangered, might be brought back through sound conservation measures and restoration of their original habitat.

First produced in 1957, the National Wildlife Federation's Spring stamps have become a widely known symbol of the changing season. They are used on envelopes, book covers, place cards, gift wrappings, and in scrapbooks and classrooms for educational purposes. Previous editions have featured game birds, songbirds, tropical birds, butterflies and wild flowers. The 1966 edition can be obtained from the National Wildlife Federation, 1412 Sixteenth Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C. 20036 for a minimum contribution of \$1.00. All proceeds from the stamp distribution program are used to support the Federation's extensive conservation education programs. ●

Situations and Attitudes

The Conservation Job

By ERNEST SWIFT

National Wildlife Federation

FOR YEARS AN INCREASING NUMBER of citizens have been pressing for adequate water pollution abatement. This long road has led to two conclusions: 1. That there is need for federal legislation; and 2. Anti-pollution laws must have "teeth" and be vigorously enforced.

In other words, when "the moment of truth" finally comes, positive laws and their enforcement appear to be the only method of controlling pollution.

In the prevention of forest fires, the police powers of the states and the Federal Government have always been necessary to remind some citizens that carelessness does not pay. Even in stock grazing on the national forests, and to a lesser degree on B. L. M. lands, police powers are in the offing.

The first efforts to stop the destruction of wildlife were prohibitive laws of the chase, although in the beginning they were loosely drawn and inadequately enforced. The crush of people dictated their improvement.

Time has proved that habitat is a vital factor in the preservation of all wildlife species, but with its acknowledged importance there has been a tendency by a new generation of game and fish managers to minimize law enforcement.

With the destructive proclivities of our civilization, game law enforcement alone will not save the wildlife, while on the other hand habitat preservation cannot save wildlife from the increasing hordes of hunters and fishermen without the state and federal police powers taking an active part. Those who have no respect for the privileges they enjoy must have their consciences jolted by a man in a uniform wearing a badge.

This all becomes an interesting situation in attitudes. In the matter of water pollution, the public has reluctantly concluded that stringent enforcement is a necessary adjunct; but some professionals in fish and game management now take the position that enforcement is overstressed if not outmoded. Fish managers can document the fish planted, game managers the pheasants released, forest rangers can point to a green expanse with few fire scars, but standards of effectiveness in game law enforcement are difficult to measure.

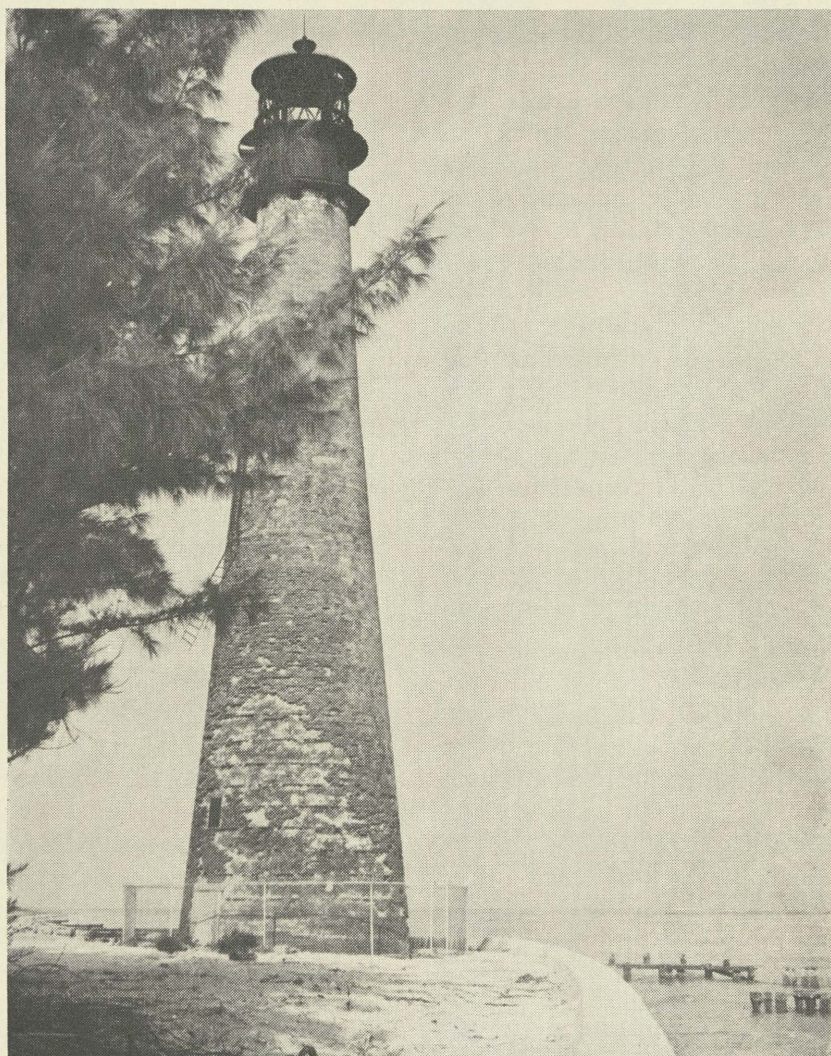
Some resource administrators whose jurisdiction includes enforcement but have no background of experience in such matters attempt to set standards by way of the number of arrests. Such a slide rule approach defeats efficient enforcement. Wardens are liable to take the easy course and fill their quota with petty cases, but that doesn't stop the commercializer, nor is it good public relations. Petty cases can jeopardize a warden's effectiveness.

Some inexperienced administrators recommend public relations as a nearly complete substitute. The only weakness in that argument is that public relations doesn't seem to reach a man on a creek spearing fish at two o'clock in the morning, a midnight hot-rodder headlighting deer, or a commercializer of ducks. If the professional violators are apprehended, the amateurs soon lose heart.

(Continued on page 34)

South Florida's
oldest structure to
receive long awaited
recognition as a
new state park center

Old Cape Florida Lighthouse



By JOHN FIX

AN AGREEMENT BY THE Governor's cabinet March 22, 1966, to purchase the 100-acre tip of Key Biscayne, northernmost of the Florida Keys, assures Dade County its first State Park. The land is fascinating Cape Florida, last unspoiled wilderness in the southeastern portion of the State and one which has long been bitterly contested for by commercial interests. Sole structure on the park site,—only a pelican glide across Biscayne Bay from Miami's towering skyscrapers,—is old Cape Florida lighthouse, hemmed in by a jungle of coconut palms and australian pines and besieged by the sea. It was built in 1825.

Time and the elements have dealt harshly with the old lighthouse. Red bricks are missing from its tower. Its metal top housing is rusting away and its

rickety outer ladder is broken and jutting from the wall. Not however far enough to have discouraged mischievous youngsters from ascending and desecrating the sloping walls with crudely-scrawled, white-paint initials.

But, battered as it has been to near-oblivion by hurricane winds, pounded by a surf that has gnawed away more than a mile of sand originally separating the lighthouse from the sea that today is licking at its feet, the old tower was never in greater peril than the day in July, 1836, when the Indians attacked.

The Seminole Wars were at their fiercest. Earlier that year the Indians had massacred the Colee Family at New River where later a stockade was built and a town named Fort Lauderdale. The less than a

hundred white settlers between New River and the Miami River, 22 miles to the south, fled in panic to Key West.

But not Old John Thompson, keeper of the light at Cape Florida, nor his negro helper.

"You go if you want to, Henry," said Old John.

"Not me, Mist' Thompson." The negro shook his head. "Y'all stays, I stay."

John smiled and patted the black man's shoulder. Then he took up the telescope with which in recent days he had been anxiously scanning the sea.

But it wasn't from the sea that the Indians attacked. They came by land, from the remote north shore of the island, creeping stealthily through its dense sub-tropical vegetation. The first intimation of their presence was a burst of musket fire which ricocheted from the bricks of the lighthouse. "ITS THEM!" shouted Old John. He and Henry had been engaged in some repair work in the lower floor of the tower.

The negro had no need to ask who "them" were. Without a word he and Old John scurried up the circular staircase within the tower, firing from openings as they went. At a prearranged point halfway up they paused.

"We'll keep shooting from different levels," said Old John. "That way they'll think there's more of us." The men were able thus to hold off the savages until darkness fell.

But when night closed in over the Cape, the Seminoles advanced on the lighthouse. They discharged their muskets into its lower floor. Bullets punctured the oil drums containing oil for the light. The oil burst into flames; the flames raced up the shaft. Old John Thompson and his helper found themselves inside a roaring, blazing chimney.

Gasping and choking for air they managed to reach the top of the staircase. Their hair was singed; their clothing smouldering. "Didn't . . . think . . . we'd make it," panted Old John, managing a grin. "Me neither, Boss," said Henry, but without the grin.

There was no time for jubilation. The shaft was an inferno. Flames licked at the feet of the two men. "Quick," cried Old John. "Help me close the trap door." The men slammed the heavy door that sealed off the lower floors. They clung to the railing with a prayer of relief. For the moment they had the fire at bay.

But their relief was short-lived. Pent-up gasses within the tower ignited with a roar and blew the trap door skyhigh. Flames raged with greater fury and this time enveloped the upper structure itself.

Old John Thompson and his helper lay on a two-

foot wide, rail-less platform just outside the great circular dome of the light. From below the Indians fired haphazardly in their direction. A stray bullet demolished the light. Splinters of glass showered the men. They were splattered with oil. The oil saturated their clothing and caught fire. "God Almighty," cried John Thompson, beating at the flames. "We're roasting alive."

Beside himself with pain, he struggled to his feet. With a superhuman effort he hoisted a powder keg to the edge of the scuttle. "You Red devils!" he shouted and let the keg plummet downward. If John Thompson, as he was convinced, was going to die, he was taking some of the enemy with him. He steeled himself for the blast that would send him and his torturers to Eternity.

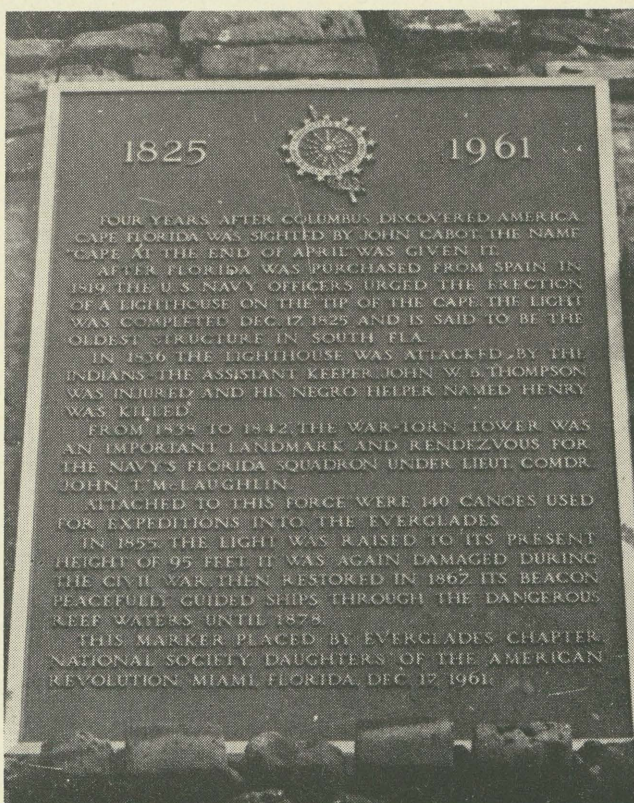
But the resulting explosion was a mild one and had the single effect of dampening the fire. It also sent screaming savages, terrified but unhurt, to the shelter of the palmetto thicket.

The pinewood wreckage of the upper tower, which had continued to smoulder, blazed anew. Tongues of flame licked skyward. They threw the men clinging to the platform into bold relief. The Indians gleefully opened fire, carefully aimed this time.

Suddenly the negro cried out, "Ahs hit, Boss. Ahs . . . hit. . . ." Those were Henry's last words.

Musket fire riddled John Thompson's feet. He had been unable to compress his tall form entirely within the limits of the narrow platform. The heat

(Continued on next page)



Historical marker placed by the Everglades chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in 1961.

(Continued from preceding page)

around and under him became more intense. He couldn't bear it much longer. He nerved himself for a swift plunge from the tower. Then, without warning, the combustible material which had been burning fiercely, broke loose and tumbled down the shaft.

The Indians let out a whoop of triumph. Both their enemies, they were certain, were dead. They executed a Seminole Victory Dance, plundered the buildings at the base of the tower and set fire to those buildings. Some of the Indians piled loot onto John Thompson's sloop and set sail. Others laden with plunder trekked across the island to where they had left their war canoes.

But Old John Thompson was not dead,—although he was more dead than alive. Until noon of the following day he lay on the shelterless platform under a sub-tropical sun, helpless, burning with fever, parched with thirst. His shattered feet would not permit him to stand. Beside him lay the dead negro, his sightless eyes staring into the blue sky.

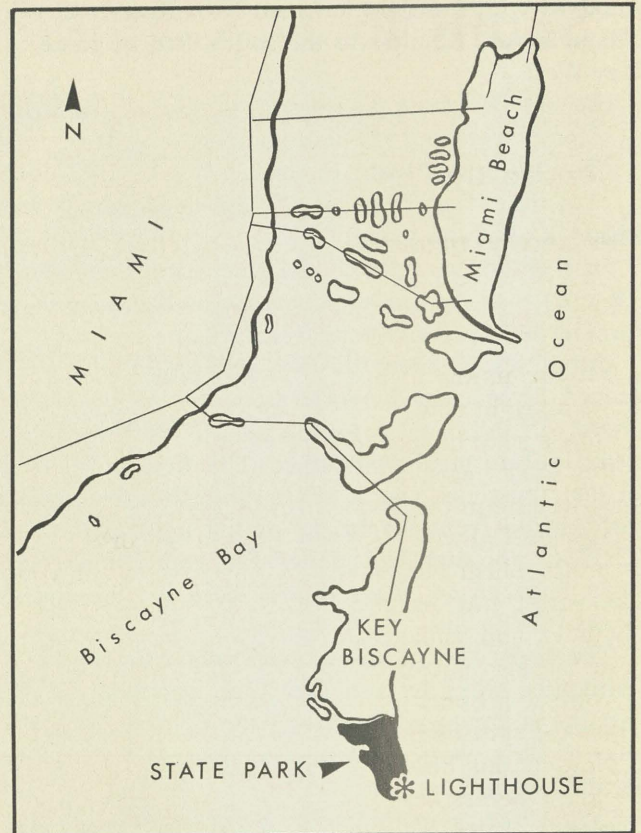
The flames of the night before had been sighted by the United States Navy schooner "Motto" twelve miles away. Its crew had heard the explosion of the powder keg. The Motto set out at full speed in the direction of Cape Florida.

When it anchored off shore there was no sign of life about the blackened lighthouse. Not, that is, until John Thompson managed to wave a blood soaked shirt. The commander of the Motto ordered two skiffs loaded with marines to land at the base of the tower.

The marines when they landed were confronted with a problem: How to get a line to the top of the 65-foot tower. Someone suggested a kite. The kite was launched but each time John Thompson grasped feebly for its cord a capricious wind took the kite away from him. Time after time,—and always unsuccessfully,—the experiment was repeated until night fell. Nothing further could be done until daylight. The marines set up an armed watch and held a conference concerning their plans for the morrow.

At the break of day a marine sharpshooter fastened a stout cord to a ramrod and jammed the ramrod into the barrel of his musket. Then while his assembled companions held their breath, he aimed for a point just over the platform on the tower. The ramrod sped straight and true, lodging in one of the iron bars at the top of the tower. A cheer went up. John Thompson smiled feebly when he heard the cheer. He twisted his tortured body to a position where he could see the cord dangling within his reach.

"It was all I could do to haul up a tailblock and tie it to a stanchion," he said later. He passed the cord over the block and inched its loose end to the ground. Eager hands reached upward and



Vicinity map showing location of new Cape Florida State Park.

quickly the cord was replaced by a two-inch rope. Minutes later, members of the United States Marine Corps were staring in disbelief at the man still alive at the top of the tower.

Carefully and tenderly they lowered Old John Thompson to the earth of the island he had never expected to see again. And they transported him, weak but smiling, to the army hospital in Key West. Except for a slight limp, John Thompson completely recovered.

The Indians were defeated and driven into the fastnesses of their Everglades.

The light was put back into use and for a number of years the lighthouse served as a rendezvous for the U. S. Navy's 142-canoe "Florida Squadron" which used it for a jumping-off place for expeditions into the Everglades. In 1855 it was raised to its present 95 feet.

During the Civil War the tower was severely damaged, then restored in 1867. Finally, in 1878, the beacon in the old lighthouse was extinguished forever when Fowney Rock Light, a few miles to the south, was put into use.

Today Cape Florida Lighthouse is south Florida's oldest structure, scarred by time, battered by the elements, plagued successively by Indians and vandals but still proudly erect. And soon it will attain the status and recognition it deserves for its 141 years of valiant existence when Cape Florida State Park comes officially into being. ●

South Florida Angling

FISHING

Over-size fly "bugs" prove helpful when bass fishing
the heavy grass areas of Lake Okeechobee

By CHARLES WATERMAN



I HAD MY HANDS in bandages for a while but they are all right now.

Here's what happened:

For some years now I have been fly fishing from time to time in the Tamiami Trail canal, which runs alongside Highway No. 41 across South Florida. This is pretty plush fishing as you just get out of your car, stroll out on the state-maintained highway shoulder and make an easy cast across the ditch. You can also patrol the canal in your car and stop if you see a bunch of snook pulling down the sawgrass and spitting it out.

Now in this kind of fishing you have to make a backcast across the highway and it behooves any angler to watch lest he become attached to the vehicle of a pilgrim from Connecticut or a truck jockey from Tampa.

Through the years I'd figured I had this department pretty well taken care of. Sometimes I'd wait a little until the traffic cleared and on other occasions I'd just flip the backcast very high and let the traffic go under (this latter when the snook were working and I hurried).

Now I confess that there have been a few occasions when I misjudged, hooked a passing car and lost a streamer fly and tippet but it has been a matter of no great moment as my wife ties the streamers.



Author tosses fly line back over speeding car on the Tamiami Trail. One time this didn't work and he needed first aid.

While this tippet is 10-pound-test or less, the leader tapers up to a 35-pound butt section that's fastened securely to a fly line which would test 30 pounds or more and there's a couple of hundred yards of backing under that, testing maybe 18 pounds or so. Keep these facts straight.

The other day I was firing away at some small snook on the opposite bank and a little irritated because they wouldn't respond when I noted out of the tail of my eye that an automobile was approaching pulling a trailered outboard boat at a casual roadside estimate of 60 miles per hour. He was coming at a rate likely to interfere with my backcast so I timed it to go behind the car and over the boat. In doing so I did not consider the effects of oddball wind currents which evidently sucked my leader and line down upon the outboard motor. It wasn't the tippet that caught; it must have been the butt section of the leader or the line itself because I suddenly found myself engaged in the urgent business of letting go of some fly line and backing which were making deep cuts, smoking burns and some quick blisters on my pinkies.

I saved the rod and reel by dropping them on the ground and falling on them and the backing snapped at the reel. The line was a brand new Scientific Anglers Air Cell and costs fourteen dollars a copy.

In case the Pflueger people have not tested their Medalist fly reel under these circumstances, I wish to report to them that things got a little warm and some of the interior materials thawed considerably. However, a little prodding with a pocketknife cleared things up and the reel is as good as ever.

One other observation:

I have read over-enthusiastic accounts of bonefish doing 60 miles an hour. I have been connected to quite a number of hurrying bonefish and state categorically that they did not go as fast as that boat and trailer.

MOST SPINFISHERMEN know that your line will twist if you turn the crank while your drag is slipping and a guide was telling me the other day that some of his sports insist on making corkscrews of their line by cranking in wild-eyed enthusiasm while a fish hurries yonder with the drag slipping.

Generally it's perfectly obvious when the fish is
(Continued on next page)

(Continued from preceding page)

getting your line but I have seen times when, with a light drag, I have been uncertain as to whether a fish was gaining or losing.

And something about drag tension:

The bend of the rod makes a big increase in your usable drag. Length of the stick, the angle at which it is held and the ease with which the line goes through the guides all contribute to effective drag. Obviously there can be no set rule about this but to get some idea, here's an example.

I set a spinning reel drag at an even two pounds with a straight pull; that is, peeling the line directly off the reel took two pounds. Then I attached the reel to a light spinning rod 6½ feet long and pulled at right angles to the rod, which brought the effective drag up to three pounds. Longer or shorter, softer or stiffer rods would give different results but there's a starter.

Any drag tension becomes progressively greater as the spool of line becomes smaller, a pitfall for the tidy soul who carefully tests his drag with a scale, figuring he has the maximum permissible tension when he adjusts the gadget with a full spool of line. It takes no physics degree to figure that as the line runs off the spool the drag automatically tightens due to reduced leverage on the spindle.

How much? Well, again this varies with the amount of line you started with and how small the spindle is when you've run off the line but I tested that too. I took an Ambassadeur reel full of casting line and set the drag at exactly two pounds; then I ran most of the line off and tested again when the bare spool began to show. On the last test the drag tension came to six pounds which might explain some of those distant breakoffs by salt water fish.

HAD SOME FUN the other day at Lake Okeechobee where you generally do your bass fishing in heavy grass. After frustrated efforts with a normally fished popping bug due to repeated hangups, I made an equipment switch and went to work with a heavy-walled tarponfly rod built by Henry Orr of Spinmaster and tied on an immense frog-shaped bug sold by Weber. This frog rides with the hook up (most of the time) and has some bushy bucktail legs which I trimmed a bit in the interests of better casting.

I never chased any more hangups and when my bug caught in the greenery I simply grabbed the rod in both hands and pulled. The hood would tear loose without breaking the 12-pound leader.

The bug isn't the best hooker in the world (weedless lures simply aren't) but I caught some bass and had a lot of fun doing it.

Another report from the same trip concerns the use of the Weed Wing, a weedless spoon with a large spinner on the bow. A friend was fishing that one with a pork frog and getting plenty of strikes but every now and then he'd lose a lure and Weed



Lake Okeechobee bass are friendly to big popping bugs but it took special equipment to get the lures out of the vegetation.

Wings sell at \$1.70 each making the trip a financial failure.

We decided that the spinner was chewing up his 12-pound braided line during occasional hangups and put on a piece of heavy monofilament leader after which we had no more trouble. In fact we were able to stay an extra day on the savings in Weed Wing costs but for a while we had the factory working nights.

SOME TIME BACK I mentioned that I put line dressing on fly lines, even though they're supposed to float without it and the idea is not only to make them float but to make them stay just as high on the surface as possible. A barely floating line with the water coming well upon its sides simply doesn't work as slick as one that sits 'way up high.

Now hear this:

The extra high floating line will not only pick up smoother and save your arm, it will actually keep you from hanging up in "junky" water. The high floating line will pick up your lure with a minimum of towing before liftoff.

For example if you're fishing a floating bass bug and have cast over a root or a big blade of grass, the high floating line will generally start the bug off the water so quickly it will clear the obstacle. The sinking line will yank it right into trouble.

On the pickup, when your bug blurps like a plumber's friend in hot tar, chances are your sinking line has yanked it under, interfering with your cast.

When you can't make your bug pop without wrenching your elbow the chances are your line is a bit sinky on the end and won't let the dingus do its stuff.

It's better when they float.

THE STRANGE ABILITY of all sorts of fish to live in seeming harmony (even though dining on each other from time to time) was demonstrated last spring in a clear canal I fished in South Florida. The bass fishing was good although the fish ran a bit small, generally around a pound, and there were plenty of bluegills to fill in the slow periods if you'd use a small lure. But right in among these readily striking fish were dozens of big snook in the 15-pound class and up. It was strange to toss a small lure out and have a little bass bust it with no interference from what resembled the Loch Ness monster a few feet away.

You always had the feeling that some time those snook were going to start tearing things up but, if they ever did, I wasn't there.

SAND FLYS, NOSEEUMS or sand gnats or whatever you want to call them are just about the most annoying Florida insects I've run afoul of. Where I've found them they have been thickest around salt water islands, especially in late evening and sometimes in early morning. Just what their habitat requirements are I don't know.

They aren't invisible but almost so and their bites generally cause me no prolonged discomfort although there may be some tiny red spots for a few hours. It's while the biting is going on that things get rough.

There have been stories of men losing their minds through insect torment and although I can take a lot of mosquitoes without asking quarter, I have come

pretty close to the yelling point a time or two when the sandflies were thick. Fortunately their attacks are usually limited to short periods.

Two years ago I was fishing with another guy in aptly named Sandfly Pass in the Ten Thousand Islands of the lower West Coast. It was almost dusk and the sandflies descended in swarms. For a few minutes they were an irritation, then they became the objects of strong language and futile swatting; finally I found myself shaking in frustration and pain and we got out of there. It is hard to describe just how "bugged" we were but I suspect that if insects ever cause me to slip my sprocket it will be sandflies that do it.

Such an onslaught is unusual of course and I don't know what made them so thick that particular evening. Usually a breeze keeps most of them away.

They are visible but barely so. Applications of insect dope will help a great deal but won't keep them off completely. Smoking helps some if you'll just let it go into your smarting eyes and hang all over your face. Face nets help only slightly and although they can go through the mesh many don't bother to do so.

CHIGGERS OR REDBUGS, found over most of the U. S., are the strangest of all insect pests in my estimation. They'll virtually eat some persons alive and others don't seem to be bothered by them. I've heard all sorts of reasons for this—some say it's your diet—some say it's how often you take a bath (they're supposed to prefer clean folks).

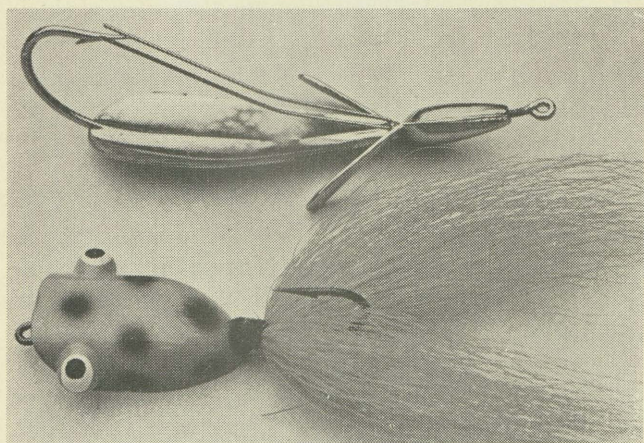
I do know that I get a redbug or two occasionally when others fishing along with me and eating the same groceries attract them by the hundreds. I guess there are some people who never have them.

They're found in grasses and weeds and there's no sure way to tell whether they're present.

One hunter I know takes a liberal dose of vinegar daily before hunting season starts and claims it keeps redbugs to a minimum. There are some mixtures of sulphur which seem to keep them away although the sulphur is almost as bad as the redbugs. I have found that commercial insect repellents, used heavily, will almost completely eliminate the problem—but it takes plenty of dope and it must be replenished when perspiration dilutes it.

Most of us can quickly become reasonably immune to mosquito bites although we generally get small welts when first exposed. There are exceptions, of course, some persons continuing to suffer.

Deerflies (those reddish rascals about the size of a housefly) carry considerable poison and when one bites me on the face or lip I often feel a numb area for a while but they cause big swellings on some people and the lumps may stay for two or three days. Insect repellents will help greatly with deerflies but they are more persistent than mosquitoes.



A couple of good Okeechobee lures. At top is the Weed Wing which goes well with the addition of a pork rind. The lower lure is big Weber Dylite frog popping bug, for fly rod use.



Fishing Improvement Program

Although still in its infancy, this bill is making great strides toward better fishing

By ART HUTT

IF EVER THE FUTURE of Florida's fresh-water fishing received a healthy economic boost, it was back on July 1, 1963, when the Fresh Water Fishing Improvement Bill went into effect. Calling for an extra dollar on each resident fishing license, money from this bill is helping to establish fisheries management techniques designed to keep abreast or ahead of those ever increasing pressures against the sport.

Simply stated, FIP funds are creating more—or better—fishing in Florida.

In its three years of existence, the program has created over 60 Lake Management areas, some three-dozen launching ramps, built one large fish hatchery, renovated existing hatchery, has a research laboratory under construction, and literally dozens of projects underway or completed.

Commonly referred to as FIP (Fishing Improvement Program), the bill was sponsored by several state sportsmen's clubs, endorsed by the Game and

Fresh Water Fish Commission, and passed by legislative action.

The purpose of the bill is five-fold:

To create and establish fish management areas.

To improve fresh water fish and fishing conditions.

To acquire and develop access to fishing waters lacking adequate public access facilities.

To renovate or restore worn-out fishing waters.

Further provisions of the bill state that a "Fish Management Area" is a body of water designated and approved by the Board of County Commissioners in which the water lies, and sanctioned by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission for improvement purposes.

Also, all anglers except those 65 years and over and under 15 years of age, must have a license to fish in such areas. On other bodies of water, no change was made in the regulations.

The dollar increase on all resident licenses would

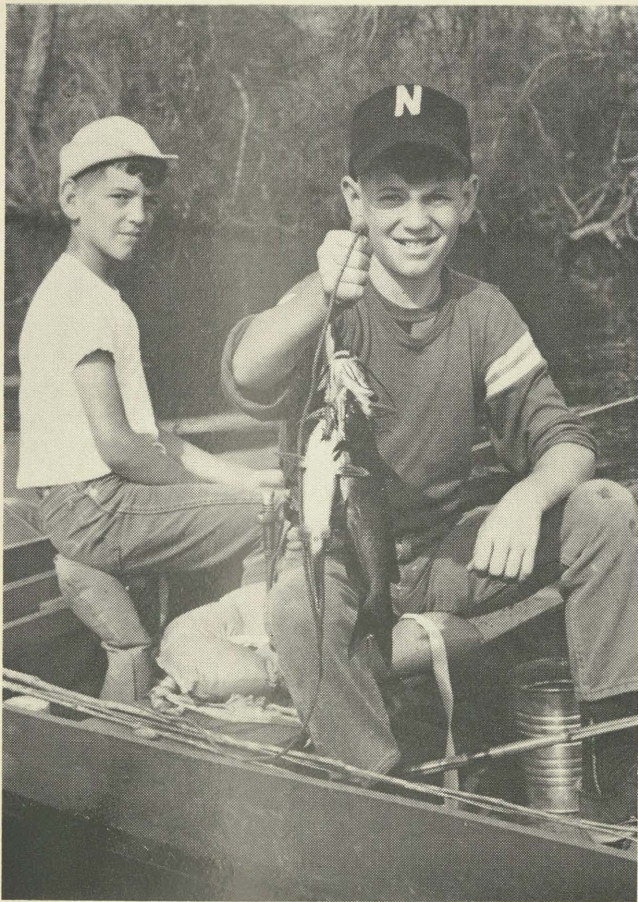


Photo By Gene Smith

Wildlife Officer Rhodus Hill, upper left, admires a satisfied angler's fish management area bass catch. Youthful fishermen, above, display their catch of channel catfish, a popular species included in most management area restocking programs. Establishment of Fish Management Areas, below, and boat ramp construction, are only two of the many fishing improvement services provided by the additional dollar cost of the annual resident fresh water fishing license.

go into a special Fish Management Fund to carry out the provisions of the bill.

Previously, all state fisheries management money came only from the State Game Fund which in turn derives its money mainly from the sale of fishing and hunting licenses. From this, fish management funds amount to about 11¢ on the State Game Fund dollar—now greatly expanded—but unaffected—by the FIP funds.

When you buy a \$3.00 fishing license, 25¢ is subtracted for the judge's fee. Of the \$2.75 left, \$1.75 goes into the State Game Fund, and the \$1.00 into the Fishing Improvement Fund.

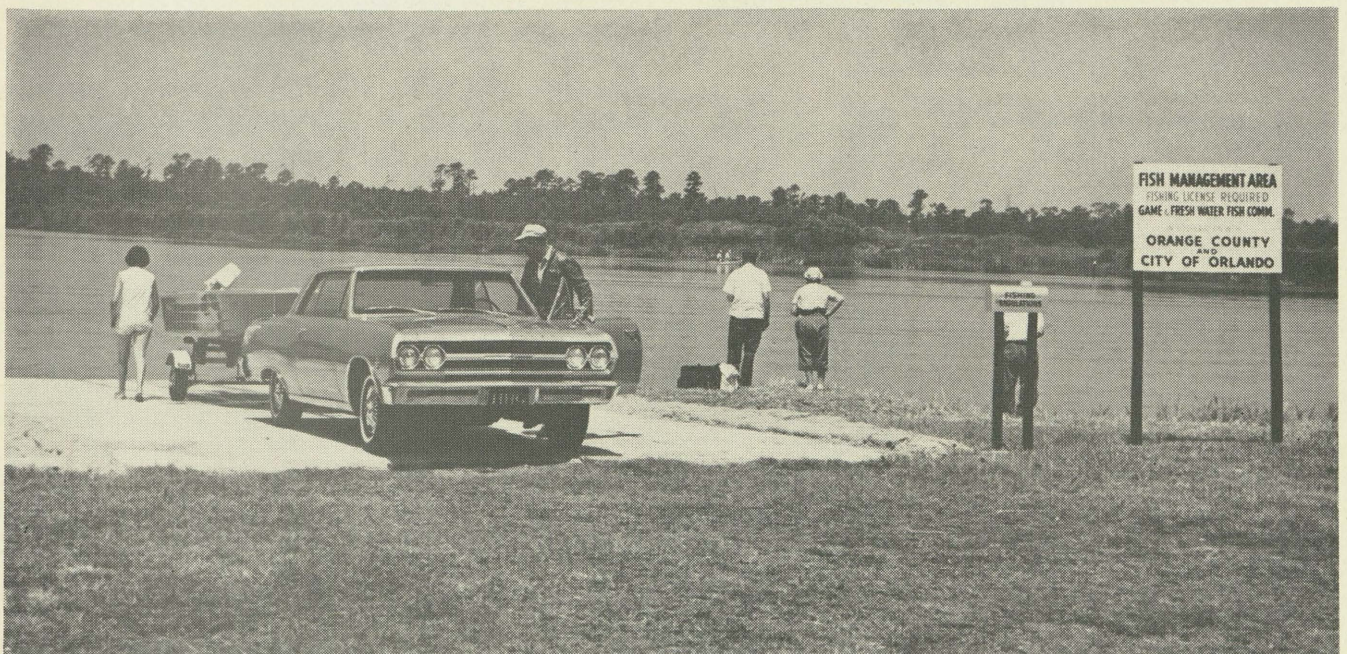
Of course, Dingell-Johnson Federal Aid funds have been and still are available for federally approved projects. This money is based on a state's license sales and geographic dimensions, then allocated to the states requesting it at the rate of three federal dollars to the states requesting it at the rate of three federal dollars to one state dollar. The FIP set-up does not interfere with the D-J program. In fact, one frequently supplements the other.

FIP funds have several advantages over the federal D-J funds, however. The latter must be presented a year in advance, then proceed through the slower federal channels for approval. Also, along with the uncertainty of this approval, since the amount of this aid is based on license and tackle sales throughout the states, either figure being down in a certain year means that the requested money could be slashed or denied.

On the other hand, FIP funds afford a continuous source of money with project approval almost immediate, especially desirable features when the Commission wants to get a project off the ground in

(Continued on next page)

Photo By Jim Reed



(Continued on next page)

a hurry or where the project might be too expensive or not suited for federal funds.

Fishing in Florida's 30,000 named lakes, rivers, and canals attracts visitors from far and wide, making cash registers jingle from barber shops to bait shacks, benefitting everybody. Non-resident (136,000 plus) and resident (401,000 plus) fishermen pour about \$60,000,000 into the state's economy annually.

This is big business any way you look at it.

However, with a steadily increasing population, more industries, more roads, and more abuse of Florida's God-given natural attributes, water quality is rapidly deteriorating with a corresponding slump in fishing. In many areas, public fishing water is decreasing through development and civilization.

This decline is the basis for an intensified and progressive fisheries management program. Fish are a crop and must be managed, cultivated, and har-

vested. Management programs—research, investigation, application—are costly yet insignificant in relation to the other eventuality—no fishing.

Happily, the extra dollar fee tacked onto your resident license since 1963 is forestalling this bleak possibility.

To be accepted, proposed FIP projects must be economically justified, biologically sound, and there must be public access to the water under consideration.

If the programs pass the three-point test, they're discussed at a meeting with other department heads. The Game department is involved in many of these proposals. The contemplated lowering of a lake by one foot, for example, may have an adverse effect on what they're trying to accomplish in game management.

Once approved, the project is properly budgetted.

The establishment of the Lake Management Areas has been the largest item in the FIP campaign, involving a total of close to 100,000 water acres. Such areas, when requested by the County Commissioners and approved for management by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, receive intensive management treatment.

To illustrate, 140-acre Lake Lawne in Orlando was a lake with unorganized access, poor fishing, drainage problems, somewhat worthless for any major recreation, yet within easy reach of thousands of city people.

With FIP funds, Commission personnel tested the lake and found it was grossly out-of-balance. Consequently, it was totally killed out with rotenone, and restocked with bass, bluegills, shellcrackers, and catfish. An access road was built across county-purchased property, a ramp and a parking lot constructed. Drainage culverts were installed.

Initial sampling, renovation, restocking, access

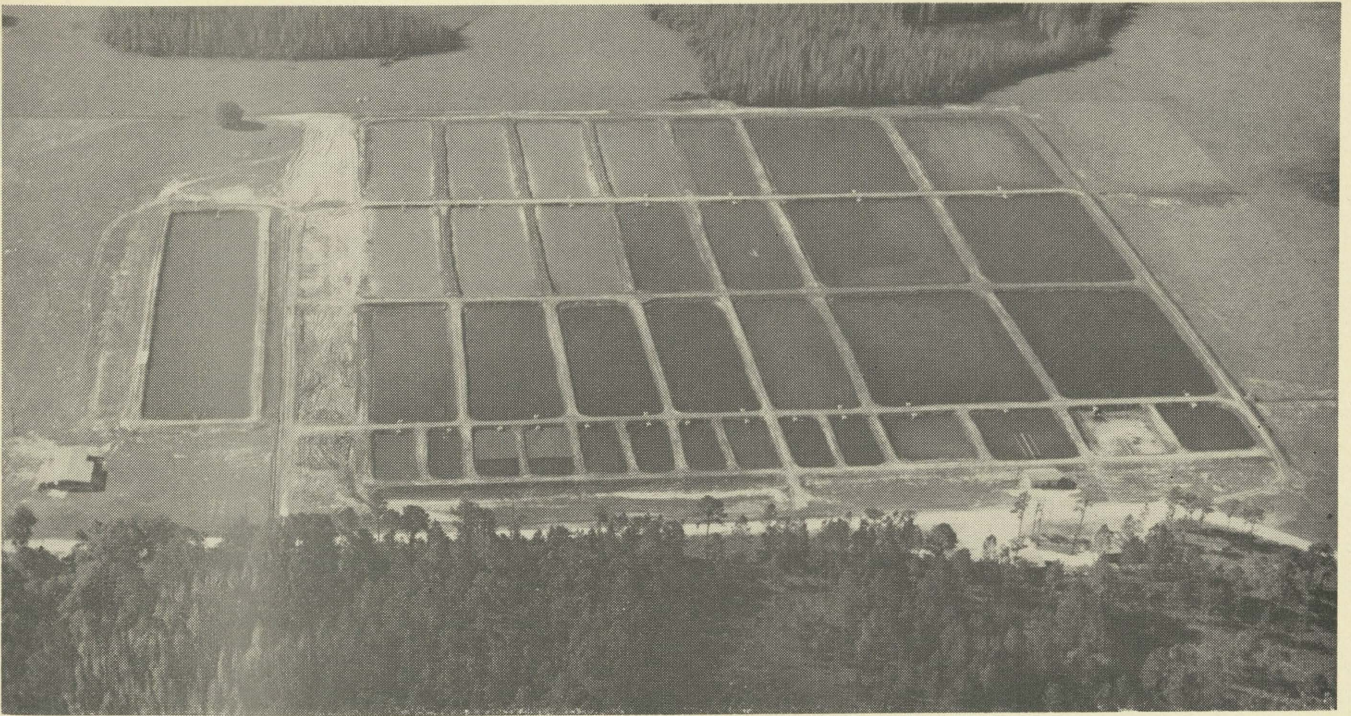
Photo By Jim Floyd



Fishing Improvement Funds At Work . . . Wildlife Officer Harry Chapin, above, posts sign marking the establishment of the Lake Talquin Fish Management Area in northwest Florida, one of the many created by FIP funds. Water weed cutting, at right, to open up more areas for fishing, is another of the many Fishing Improvement projects.

A complete listing of all Fish Management Areas will appear next month, in the August 1966 issue





The brand new, modern Richloam Fish Hatchery, near Webster, was constructed, and is maintained, with FIP license funds.

Photo By A. D. Aldrich

road, ramps, parking lot, drainage—and improved fishing—all through FIP funds.

But it doesn't stop there.

The Central Fisheries Research Laboratory at Eustis will be constructed with FIP funds, although D-J money will later be involved in the purchase of equipment. At this lab, the first state venture of its type, water quality standards which relate to fish productivity will be established.

The four-month old Richloam Fish Hatchery near Webster is a product of FIP funds. Hatcheries are becoming increasingly important for restocking those lakes which can be totally controlled, like Lake Lawne. Striped bass and other fish which may be of value in Florida waters will be worked with here also.

The St. Johns River Survey, a massive investigation which started with State Game Funds is now totally FIP, as is the Withlacoochee project, a study of the influence hyacinths—and spraying—have on sport fishing.

Boat ramps are an important aspect of FIP spending, for public waters are useless if there is no way for the fisherman to get to them. A ramp program had existed for several years through D-J and Outdoor Recreation Committee funds. However, the ORC funds have been used and the ramps are now strictly an FIP affair.

FIP budgetting provides salaries for fisheries personnel to sample and to maintain all the management lakes, and when the Florida Inland Sportfishing Hosts (F.I.S.H.) of Leesburg suggested an expanded fishery project for the central Florida lakes,

these same funds supplied the salaries of the personnel.

These activities, too, are supported by Fishing Improvement Program money:

Operator's salaries and use of weedcutters to open up more areas to fishing, particularly in northwest Florida.

Purchase of sites for launching ramps and parking areas.

Selective chemical treatment for rough fish control.

Construction of lakes and canals to provide fishing and holding areas for fish in dry weather.

Settling basins to prevent silting of lakes by streams.

Purchase of a limnology boat for on-the-spot research and investigation.

Contributions to land fill funds for the Everglades Holiday Park, opened in January, 1966, and the Sawgrass Camp, opened in April, 1966. Both are near Andytown.

Investigation of the effects of underwater-weed killing chemicals on fish population.

New problems, constantly altering environment, and continuous loss of public water must be dealt with if we want to maintain our reputation as a "fishing state."

Without proper fisheries management, however, the local or out-of-state angler may take his \$106.26 (yearly expenditure by the average angler) and spend it elsewhere.

So far, there's every evidence that the Fishing Improvement Fund, hailed as one of the most important steps taken to assure that there's a future in Florida fishing, will keep our state's anglers more than satisfied. ●



1966-67 Hunting Season

Northwest

Region

DEER & BEAR: November 19 through January 15, hunting permitted every day.

TURKEY: Fall Season, November 19 through January 15, hunting permitted every day. Spring Gobbler Season, March 25 through April 9.

QUAIL & SQUIRREL: November 19 through March 5, hunting permitted every day.

DEER & BEAR: November 12 through November 20 in DeSoto, Hardee, Manatee and Sarasota counties. November 12 through January 2 in all other counties. Hunting permitted every day.

TURKEY: Fall Season from November 12 through January 2; hunting permitted every day. Spring Gobbler Season: March 11 through March 26, south of State Road 50; March 25 through April 9 in Hernando County, north of State Road 50.

QUAIL & SQUIRREL: November 12 through February 26. Hunting permitted every day.

SPECIAL REGULATIONS: The use of rifles is prohibited in DeSoto, Hardee, Manatee and Sarasota counties except .22 rimfire rifles may be used other than for taking of deer and bear. The use of dogs in DeSoto, Hardee, Manatee and Sarasota counties shall be limited to bird dogs, retrievers and slow trail hounds. The use of running hounds or any other dog that can reasonably be considered a dog usable for running deer is specifically prohibited.

South

Florida

Region

Bag Limits

	Daily Bag	Season Bag	Possession Limit
Deer, Buck Only	1	3	2
Turkey — Fall	2	3	3
Spring Gobbler	1	2	2
Squirrel, Grey	10		20
Squirrel, Fox	2		4
Quail	12		24
Bear	1	1	1
Wild Hog	1	2	2

Shooting Hours — Resident Game

From one-half hour before sunrise to one-half hour after sunset; except Spring Gobbler Season when shooting hours will be from one-half hour before sunrise until 12-noon, only.

Migratory Game and Bird Regulations

Federal migratory bird hunting dates and regulations for Marsh Hens (rails & gallinules), Mourning Dove, Waterfowl (ducks, geese, coot), Snipe and Woodcock, as set by the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service, during July and August, will be published as a separate summary, available by September 1, 1966.

Summaries of general hunting regulations for Florida's Wildlife Management Areas, and detailed maps with complete laws for individual Management Areas, will be available at the Tallahassee and Regional Offices of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, September 1, 1966.

Regulations—Summary



Northeast Region

DEER & BEAR: November 12 through November 20 only, in Gilchrist County and that portion of Levy County between State Roads 337 and 339. November 12 through January 2 in all other counties. Hunting permitted every day.

TURKEY: No open season in Alachua, Madison and Suwannee counties, or in that portion of Columbia County south of State Road 240 and west of State Road 47. In all other counties; Fall Season from November 12 through January 2; Spring Gobbler Season, March 25 through April 9.

QUAIL & SQUIRREL: November 12 through February 26. Hunting permitted every day.

WILD HOG: In that portion of Levy County between State Roads 337 and 339, November 12 through November 20, only. Alachua County and the remaining portion of Levy County, November 12 through January 2.

DEER & BEAR: November 12 through January 2, hunting permitted every day.

TURKEY: Fall Season, November 12 through January 2, hunting permitted every day. Spring Gobbler Season, March 11 through March 26, in that portion of the Region located south of State Road 50; March 25 through April 9, in that portion north of State Road 50.

QUAIL & SQUIRREL: November 12 through February 26, hunting permitted every day.

Central

Region

Everglades Region

DEER & BEAR: No open season on the Florida Keys of Monroe County. November 12 through January 2, all other counties. Hunting permitted every day.

TURKEY: Fall Season, November 12 through January 22, hunting permitted every day. Spring Gobbler Season, March 11 through March 26.

QUAIL & SQUIRREL: November 12 through February 26, hunting permitted every day.

WILD HOG: Palm Beach County, November 12 through January 2.

NATIONAL FOREST BEAR HUNTS

Applications for the Apalachicola Bear Hunts should be filed with the Regional Manager, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, P. O. Box 576, Panama City, Florida. Hunters who wish to participate in the Osceola Bear Hunts should file application with the Regional Manager, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, P. O. Box 908, Lake City, Florida. All applications must be accompanied by a check to cover permit cost, prior to August 26,

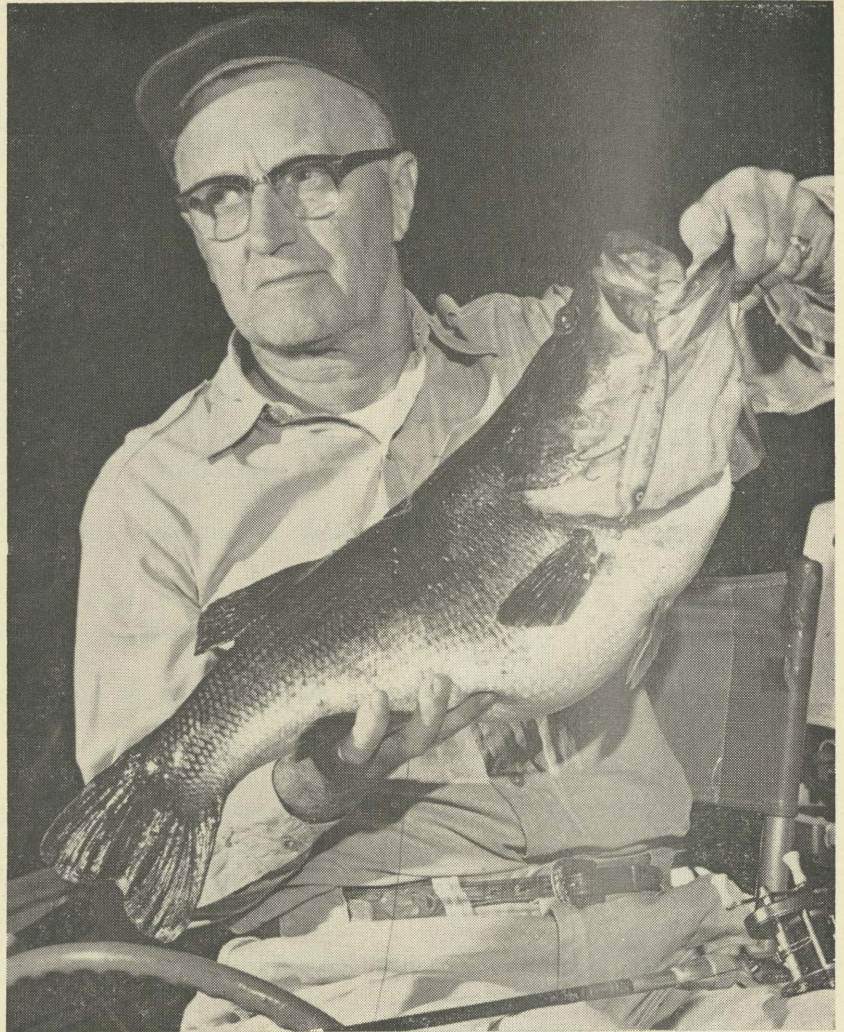
Each three-day hunt will be limited to not more than 17 people, except upon approval of the hunt supervisor. Each group must obtain a \$50.00 party permit and each person in the party must also possess a regular hunting license.

Additional information concerning the special hunt regulations and procedures governing the drawing may be obtained by contacting either regional office.

BIG BASS BELT

... hailed as the
Bass Capital
of the World

By CHARLES WATERMAN



A BASS FISHERMAN spends most of his time in anticipation of a strike and even when it happens out there 40 or 50 feet away from him a good, rousing blast will make him jump.

When it happens at arm's length and the bass scrapes his fingers most any angler needs an instant tranquilizer.

Tex L'Argent, who operates the Bass Capital Resort fishing club on Lake Crescent, has a sneaky bit of promotion going for him in the form of a couple of big, artificial pools filled with bass that are about as tame as bass get.

Knowing exactly where the groceries come from, these bass will follow you along the edge of one of the pools, staying just far enough from the edge to appear as ominous shadows, and some of them are in the 10-pound class.

Tex has some very short piers built into the pools and here's what he does to you:

He announces that you can feed these bass by hand and wouldn't you like to do it?

So then he goes over to the bait tanks and scoops up some defunct bait fish that he couldn't sell anyway.

"Just hold it by the end of the tail and lower it down close to the water," Tex says.

He gave this introduction to my wife Debie and she obediently went out on the little pier and sat down at the end. I went around to the other side of the pool with a camera.

Now feeding bass by hand is not exactly new and I've seen a lot of photographs of it but most of the hand-fed bass in this world don't weigh anywhere near ten pounds. When the fish struck Debie did half a back flip and I snapped the camera roughly in the direction of a water explosion I couldn't believe was just a cranky old lady bass.

We did it several more times and I managed to hit some of the strikes pretty well as they happened, even showing a dark blob of bass countenance down in the splash on a couple of occasions, but Debie never got to the point where she didn't yank her hand away as the bait disappeared. Of course a bass doesn't have teeth but he does have a sandpaper mouth and Debie ended up with some scratched fingernails. These wounds didn't impress Tex much but she studied them occasionally for a day or two.

Keeping up those pools is a lot of work but Tex

Most of the biggest bass are caught during late winter and early spring in the spawning areas, but there is good fishing every month of the year, and fall is the most neglected time. The ten-pounder at left came from a grass flat. Tex L'Argent, below, watches as Debie Waterman hand feeds a big bass at his Lake Crescent fishing club. A sign like the one at right leaves no doubt about location.



figures they're the best advertising he can buy and maybe he's right. Anyone who doesn't get fishing fever after such an exhibition wouldn't be a fishing resort customer anyway.

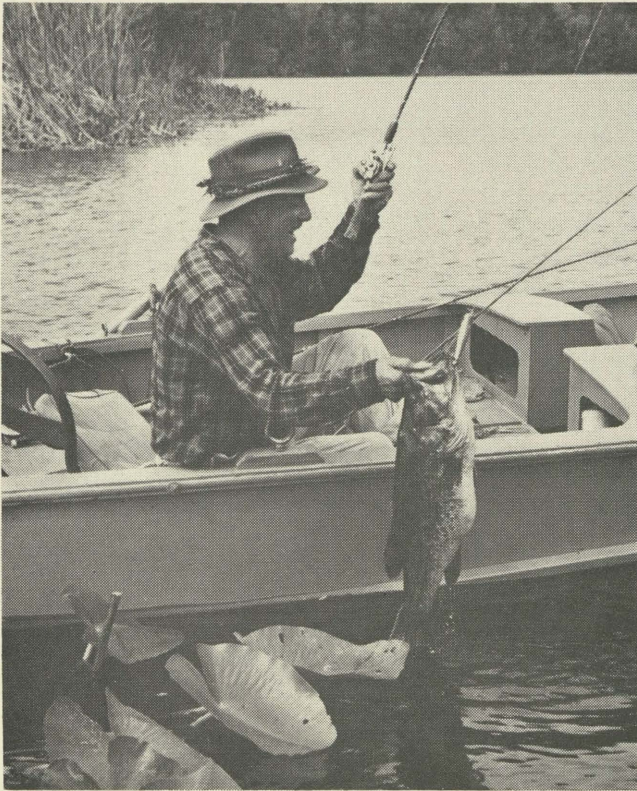
Lake Crescent is at Crescent City in Putnam County, somewhat north of center in Florida, and is a part of the St. Johns River system. The fishing

resorts are located on the west side of the lake just off U. S. Highway 17. Crescent Lake is about as long as Lake George but not so wide. It lies just a little north of "Big George" and "Little Lake George," a bulge in the St. Johns, is straight west of Crescent making them only about five miles apart.

Crescent Lake is joined to the St. Johns by Dunn's Creek, which runs north out of the lake and goes into a bend of the river near San Mateo. Running into the lake at the south end is Haw Creek, one branch of which comes in from Lake Disston, a pretty good fishing lake in itself. Disston is some of the prettiest cypress water in Florida—but we're talking about Little Lake George and Lake Crescent now. All of these waters are big enough that a good, state road map will show them plainly.

Both Little Lake George and Crescent Lake are noted for big fish, being located in the Big Bass Belt, and if there is such a thing as a most reliable sector for schooling bass, I'd say this is it. When I first visited this area, I went fishing over on the St. Johns with A. P. Oliver, one of the best known of the guiding veterans. Oliver told me then that he caught schooling bass every week of the year. There probably isn't as much school bass fishing as there used to be for a whole batch of reasons but this is a good area.

School bass, "jump bass" or "bar bass" are simply fish that gang up to attack passing schools of bait. We used to say that it was a practice learned from salt water fish but there are "school bass" in some lakes that never saw salt water species so maybe that's bum dope. There aren't nearly as many school
(Continued on next page)



The Welaka-Palatka area of the St. Johns River backs up its claim as being in the Big Bass Belt with lunker catches, left. Sometimes it requires some nifty net work to land largemouth bass from the weeds.



(Continued from preceding page)

bass fishermen as there used to be. There once was a real cult of them along the St. Johns and you could learn exactly where the fish were working through a well-developed information grapevine.

As far upstream as Lake George and Crescent, the St. Johns system is strongly affected by the Jacksonville tides. When you get south of Lake George the immediate tide effects are slight although steady winds can cause backups that "turn the river around."

There's lots of schooling on Lake Crescent, sometimes visible from docks at Crescent City. Tex L'Argent says the school fishing generally gets under way after the main spawning period ends.

The first time I visited Crescent City years ago I was impressed by a sign right at the end of a busy street admonishing the citizenry not to dig worms there. Fishing is an important interest in that country.

We had a try at Crescent Lake last March when it had been tossed for several days by a persistent wind and the water was just a bit cooler than normal. There's a good, free launching ramp right at the end of a street in Crescent City although it's not fully protected and a strong eastern wind can make launching a little hectic. There's a fine fishing dock right next to the ramp and local people can

land panfish and an occasional bass a few feet from their cars.

There are several ramps scattered around the lake but you'd better make inquiry as not all of them are usable. Most of the east shore of Crescent is owned by lumber interests although there are a few put-in spots. One is at St. Johns Park at the south end.

We got into the water early in anticipation of high winds and crossed the lake to the east shore. Water was a little high and the cypress edges didn't look too fishy but there were small offshore patches of grass, reeds and bonnets so, after a few minutes of bouncing lures off cypress knees, we took to the grass patches and began throwing weedless stuff right into the heaviest part.

I had a big popping bug and Debie was working a weedless spoon. This is a fine arrangement because common courtesy dictates that the fly fisherman gets the bow of the boat and I therefore get the best of the fishing.

The bug caught in a grass stem and plopped into the water as if I had planned it that way, disappearing with a solid chug. I gave forth a remarkably inaccurate play-by-play account of my progress as the bass sought a hide-out somewhere down there in the flora. A couple of times I announced that I had lost the fish but he finally popped up to the

surface and practically into the net, encouraged by both hands on a slender rod that bent double and remarkably straightened out again when the episode was over. The manufacture of durable glass rods has done a lot for people who like to fish in grass where they have no business.

A few minutes after I landed my bass (which was considerably smaller than expected) a full-grown bigmouth decided to chase a terrified shiner all over the place. He chased the shiner out of a grass patch into the open and then back into the grass with progressively louder strikes as his quarry moved at flank speed by both air and water. Always calm in such a crisis, I tried vigorously to cast my bug between the bass and the shiner but was unsuccessful.

ful. As I recall, it developed the bug had been hooked near the seat of my jeans all the time, a contingency which couldn't be anticipated by anyone.

In fairness it must be recorded that the bass sounded remarkably like those my wife had fed the day before at the Bass Capital resort and I was quite sure those weighed in the neighborhood of ten pounds. A psychiatrist might observe that my analytical mind had figured my chances providing I had hooked a 10-pound bass on the edges of that grass and that subconsciously I really hadn't wanted him at all. This is ridiculous because the bug was hooked to my pants all the time, I think.

It wasn't a banner fishing day but every two or three grass patches another fish would show up. Shortly after the big bass chased the shiner, Debie hooked a fish with her plug casting outfit and a spoon and got him into the boat with the aid of skillful net use. In fact, she gouged into the grass so far and probed so delicately that I'm not even sure the fish she brought up with the net was the same one that had struck.

As I say, that was in March and the crappie fishermen were busy. That's their time of year and most of them seldom think of hunting "specks" during warm weather. Speckled perch are plentiful in both Crescent Lake and the St. Johns a few miles away and I believe most of the biggest Florida specks come from that general area. Either there has been an upturn in crappie population in recent years or more people have learned to catch them

(Continued on next page)



Crescent City, above, has a good boat ramp but an east wind can often make launching a little hectic. The quiet of early evening, right, is likely to bring forth larger Lake Crescent bass. Photo was taken on the eastern shore.





On a windy day these fishermen are getting shelter in back of a strand of reeds on Crescent Lake. There's a wide variety of good fish cover in the area.

(Continued from preceding page)

for there certainly are a lot more of them brought to the docks.

Very little crappie fishing is done in that country during the warm months but the fish are still there and quite willing to bite or strike if you locate them in deep, cool holes with plenty of cover. During the winter and early spring spawning periods, crappie are caught around brushpiles, weeds and bonnets but, even so, they are in the open more than at other times of year.

A favorite spot for all kinds of fishing is at the mouth of Haw Creek at the south end of the lake and there have been excellent bass catches as far up as you can get with a boat.

One good thing about the fishing in this area is the variety of locations and there are nearly 70 small lakes within a short drive of any of the resorts. Some years ago I was directed to one of those unnamed lakes where the bass "schooled all day." My informant said he'd discovered it long before. We went to the lake, feeling rather foolish to find no one fishing there, and stood around without even launching the boat when suddenly a spattering of striking fish appeared right out in the middle, plainly visible with binoculars. We nearly drowned ourselves getting the boat launched and set forth for the schooling fish at high speed, waving our rods in anticipation.

We soon found why the schooling goes on for year after year; those fish are too smart to be caught—by us anyway. We tried everything in the tackle box and the fly book but, not only was it impossible to get a strike when you got a cast over

them, it was almost impossible to get close enough for that. If you started a motor they were gone for two hundred yards. If you rowed and an oarlock squeaked you had it all to do over again. We gave up and fished the shoreline but a 3-inch rainstorm put a stop to that so we wetly grumbled our way back home.

I went back to my informant and confessed failure. "How do YOU catch fish there?" I asked him.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "I take a little dry fly and catch a bream and then I put the bream on a big hook and catch a bass. Those school fish? Naw, I don't fish for them but it's kind of nice to hear them splashing around out there when things are slow."

Welaka on the St. Johns is my nomination for the most beautiful spot in Florida and although there are a few new homes the developers haven't really spread it out. There are enormous oak trees and a bluff from which you can look down on the river, even when it's at its highest. There are a number of excellent bass fishing resorts there and on up to Big Lake George and downstream toward Palatka.

Turn off U. S. 17 at Pomona Park and drive right to the middle of Welaka where it appears the road will run right into the river. It does because that's the boat ramp. There's a lot of commercial fishing in that section and with it goes all the controversy that accompanies an overlap of sports and commercial fishing. For a long time here has been disagreement as to whether commercial seining for rough fish will help the bass fishing and there's no sign of the argument ending.

Those who want seining say that the rough fish compete with game fish for food and actually destroy spawn and the gamefish themselves. Those who oppose it point out that seining is rough on the bottom vegetation, kills some game fish accidentally and enables unscrupulous operators to bootleg gamefish from the seine. They say that complete supervision of commercial seining operations is impossible. The argument becomes stronger when fishing is poor and subsides when fishing gets better.

The "Bass Capital" resorts do a great deal of national advertising, something which brings business to the big operators as well as to small camps that don't buy much space. Bass fishing between Lake George and Palatka is an old tourist attraction and the pictures of big Sportsman's Lodge at Welaka have long been familiar in where-to-go sections of outdoor magazines.

Eel grass is a big attraction to St. Johns River bass and just where the big patches are to be found from year to year has a big bearing on fishing. There are other factors, of course, but most fishermen say it's a matter of water level. When the level is down at the right time, the sun gets to the bottom and grass grows lush.

At low water there is considerable wade fishing near Welaka but during wet weather you'd better stick to boats. The bass spawn, preferably on sandy

bottoms, in patchy grass areas. I have found the patchy grass spots very good for surface lures in late spring, summer and early fall.

Undoubtedly it's hard to beat live bait or the plastic worm for consistent success although other methods are more fun when they work. The school bass are caught both as they come to the surface (when small plugging or spinning lures are used) or off the bottom beneath the schooling area on plastic worms or live bait.

Quite a few striped bass of the salt water variety are caught in this area but the species is too inconsistent to be an important contribution to the fishing.

The famous Oklawaha River empties into the St. Johns near Welaka and there's good bass and panfish action near the mouth. Across the St. Johns from the Oklawaha I've caught some fine bass in late evening when thunderheads formed after a hot, July day.

Fishing guides are nearly always available in the Welaka area, a whole list of available ones being posted at the Sportsman's Lodge dock, for example.

From the mail I get, it would seem that tourist fishermen should take a lot of care in selecting their St. Johns River guides—not that the guides aren't reliable but some of them specialize only in live bait fishing and may not know what it's all about if you insist on using artificials. The guide's standpoint is understandable because a large percentage of visitors aren't competent in the use of artificials.

What I call "big bass fever" gets in the way of some vacations. There has been so much talk about 10-pound bass from the St. Johns River that by the time some fishermen arrive on the scene they'd be willing to use any means, fair or foul, to collect a fish for the taxidermist. I'd be the first to say that the chances may be better with a big, free-running shiner attached to a monofilament line but the skilled caster will probably be happier if he controls his desire for a record breaker and uses the tackle he likes, even if the fish run smaller.

This big-fish complex came out the other day when one resort operator told me last year was a poor year for big ones and "all we caught were a lot of 9-pounders but we're catching 10-pounders this year." That's all very good and that particular operator has been producing but another guide said he didn't want expert casters or fly fishermen.

"I'd rather get greenhorns and use my own tackle with heavy line and shiners. That way I can get some big fish for them and that's what they come for. Right?"

I don't know. Maybe so. ●



Not many people would suspect so imposing a structure of being a "fish camp," but Sportsman's Lodge, at Welaka, has been home base for bass anglers for many years. This is the front entrance, which faces the St. Johns River.

A snake bit dog isn't
a pleasant thought,
but with a bit of care
and advance planning,
it needn't be fatal
to man's best friend



Photo By Jim Floyd

THE WHITE COAT was heavily matted with blood as the three year old prize pointer tried to raise its head. Owner Ben Roberts lay a calming hand on his dog's head as Dr. Bill Ray of Tampa, Florida sent a final massive dose of anti-snakebite serum into the area around the wound. Labored breathing and a slow heartbeat gave scant hope to the anxious pair as they worked over their patient.

"Rattlesnake!" was the single word combining explanation and curse, that told the tale as the veterinarian worked.

Three vials of serum did the trick this time, and the dog would soon be on its feet and hunting. It isn't always this way.

Don't count on your dog having the same luck, unless you stack the deck in his favor the way this dog's owner did.

Knowing the usual outcome of a snake versus dog battle, Roberts walked into the woods that day carrying a lightweight kit of Antivenin, a compact unit comprised of syringe, needle and serum.

Immediately after his dog suffered the bite, the needle was hastily assembled, serum inserted in the syringe according to the simple explanations packed with the kit, and the contents of the vial injected in two doses.

Following the instructions, part of the initial dose was injected into muscle and various areas directly surrounding the swollen area, while the remainder of the remedy went into a large muscle higher on the bitten limb.

The next step was moving the dog into his car, arranging for a telephone call to his veterinarian, and getting the animal there as soon as possible.

KEEP YOUR DOG ALIVE

By G. ROSS PARSONS

According to Dr. Ray, "No one can say for sure whether or not this initial injection made the difference between life and death, but I do know that the pointer was almost dead on arriving at my office. I personally believe that failure to have given the dog an immediate shot of the serum would have resulted in a dead dog."

Antivenin, usually available in drugstores or thru your vet, is effective against the deadly trio of North American pit vipers, rattlesnake, copperhead and moccasin. The only poisonous snake it has no effect on is the small-fanged Coral snake. A bite from this one must be treated with a serum brought in from South America, and not generally available with the ease of obtaining Antivenin.

For the hunter or camper who values his dogs, whether pure bred champion, or family mutt who

couldn't be bought for any price, an investment of less than fifteen dollars can mean the difference between a few days rest, or the grief that only a man who has lost a dog can understand.

One item worth mentioning is that a series of telephone calls to half a dozen drug stores in the area of Central Florida, showed that although any of the druggists could order the kit with no delay, it was difficult to obtain it immediately. A lack of calls for the drug was the reason for not stocking it.

This means that plans for a potential hunt in snake country should involve contacting a supplier early, getting your supply, **AND CARRYING IT WITH YOU!!!**

With animal bites, it is seldom possible to make the 1/2 inch incision necessary for mouth suction removal, but should your partner (or yourself) be unlucky enough to step into the striking path of an angry snake, that incision, and suction, can serve as a life-saving stopgap. Your dog isn't that lucky. He must have the injection if he is to stand a chance of

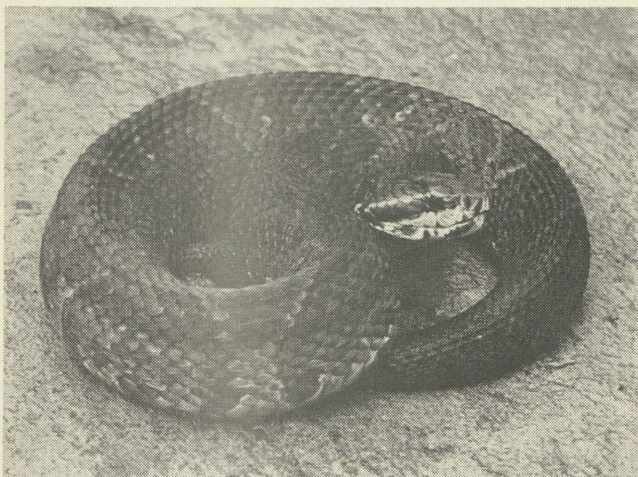
surviving a full dose of venom from an irritated reptile.

The danger of snake bites are directly proportional to the size of the snake and the amount of venom that gets into the victims bloodstream. Cases on record show that snakebit persons or animals who have died in an hour or less, are results of a bite directly on a vein.

In spite of an inherent distaste of snakes, one helpful piece of knowledge is identification of the attacker. Near water, or in swampy areas, many snakes have been immediately named as moccasins, where later identification has proven this incorrect. By that time, the unpleasant procedure of injection of antivenin, and its' attendant discomforts, has already begun.

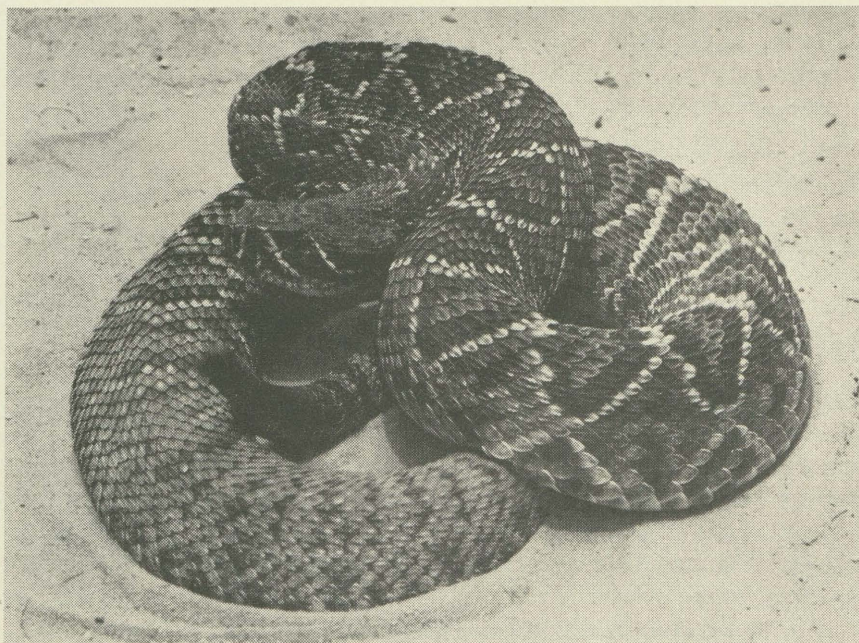
From several medical sources, and competent herpetologists, the word is "start the treatment first, then identify the snake if possible."

Undoubtedly most would rather endure some dis-
(Continued on next page)

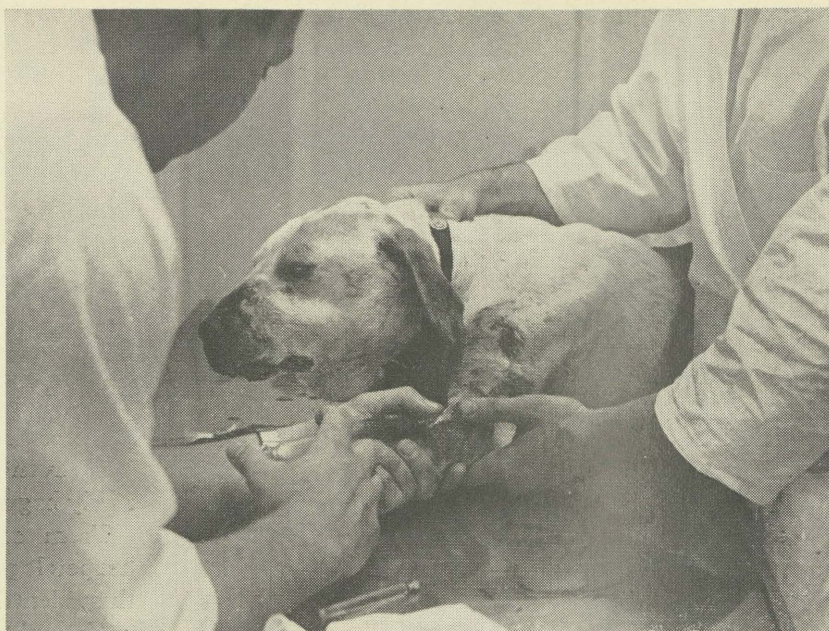


Photos By Wallace Hughes

The size of the snake, the amount of venom injected and the location of the bite will determine the danger from snake attack. In any case, if a dog is bitten, prompt first aid treatment, application of Antivenin, and a rush to the nearest veterinarian are very important. The Eastern Diamondback Rattlesnake, right, is the most dangerous poison snake in Florida. Poisonous Cottonmouth Moccasin, above, seldom strays far from water. The Copperhead, upper right, is rarest poison snake found in Florida, and is mostly active during night hours.



Tampa veterinarian Dr. Bill Ray administers Antivenin to Ben Robert's dog Debbie, bitten on top of the muzzle by a rattlesnake. The symptomatic swelling of the head and neck is plainly seen. Three massive doses of Antivenin were used to save this Dog's life. Dr. Ray acknowledge that use of Antivenin immediately after the dog suffered snake bite was possibly the factor that prevented the dog's death long enough for rush trip to the veterinarian and a complete lifesaving job.



(Continued from preceding page)

comfort due to an unnecessary treatment, than face the alternative because they weren't sure what bit them.

Although some experts have strong opinions regarding the 'timidity' of the rattler, this snake is provided with the most virulent poison of any of the venomous snakes in North America. It can cause death just as quickly as an aggressive type.

With a family of over 15 species, the most common is the eastern diamondback, reaching lengths of over 8 feet and carrying a definite diamond-shaped design bordered in yellow, on its' olive or brownish body. Its range extends from the Mississippi to North Carolina, throughout the southeast.

The southwest United States holds the dubious honor of having 10 separate species restricted to its territory, among them being the Western Diamond or Texas Rattlesnake, which may reach lengths of 7 feet, and wears a slightly lighter color than its eastern cousin.

The west coast holds two separate breeds, the Pacific and Massasauga, which extend their area into Canada. The Eastern seaboard harbors the Timber Rattler from Maine to Florida, where it is called the Canebrake Rattler. This latter may reach five feet, and its blackish-yellowish body has dark irregular bands to identify it.

Running a close second in terms of deadliness, the Copperhead seldom runs over three feet in length. Its' brightly copper-colored head tops a body several shades darker, and is basically a night creature, venturing forth after dark to feed on mice and small game. Although it has been ascertained that they strike only when disturbed or scared, this is one snake that gives no warning prior to its'

attack. Mostly it ranges from New England to Texas, with the western outsider being fairly sure of missing this one while afield.

For the southern outdoorsman who spends his time near the water, his uninvited guest list might well include the Water-Moccasin, also known as the cotton-mouth, due to the stark white of its inner mouth.

This venom carrier stays near the water, where its thickish head can be seen swimming after its diet of fish and other aquatic life. The brown or olive body can be as long as five feet, which is usually seen from the rear as it basically seeks protection from enemies by rapidly escaping to the nearest water.

Some dogs seem to enjoy tackling a snake, perhaps fascinated by this legless challenge, or perhaps with an aversion to the reptile itself. Either way, the best snakebite precautions are found in keeping the two well separated.

If they should get together, follow the basic rules below, and your chances of having another outing together will improve greatly.

1. Purchase, and carry, an antivenin outfit, anytime you plan to be out with your dog.
2. Read the instruction sheet, packed with the kit, before you go afield.
3. Contact your veterinarian, or arrange for someone to call ahead, as soon as you have administered the serum.
4. Get there as soon as possible. Your injection may help keep the dog alive, but a severe dose of snake venom needs trained medical attention to insure that all possible remedial actions have been taken.

A snake bit dog isn't a pleasant thought, and it isn't something to look forward to, but with a bit of advance planning, it needn't be fatal to man's best friend. ●

Despite the embrace of jet-age comforts for outdoor recreation, paddle-pushing canoe adventures are becoming more popular

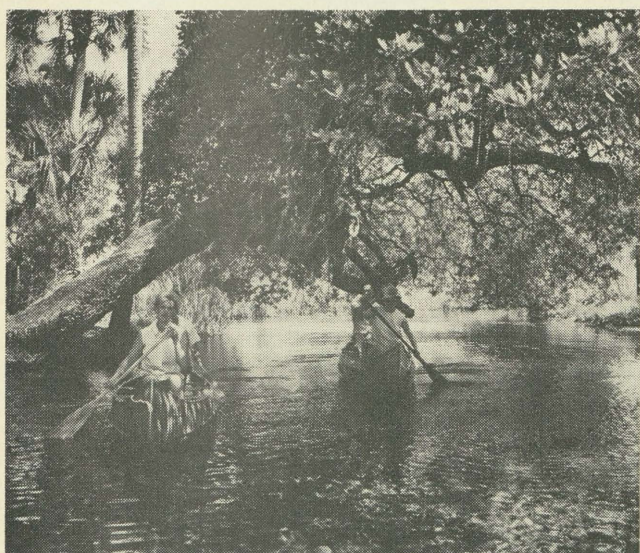
I'VE NEVER BEEN THERE before, but after talking to Nancy Brower, lovely little feature writer for the Florida Development Commission's News Bureau, I gotta go!

Nancy says the Juniper Springs Run in Ocala National Forest is one of the most beautiful natural attractions she has ever seen. She and her husband, Bill, along with another couple and ol' John Wilhelm, the "Florida Outdoorsman," took a week's camping and canoeing trip from Juniper Springs to the bridge crossing U. S. 19, a distance of about seven miles.

"It was beautiful," beautiful Nancy bubbled. This was the first effort at boating and camping of any kind for Nancy and Bill, and they thoroughly enjoyed the great outdoors and paddling a canoe. The two couples also took a tour of the Alexander Springs run, near the Juniper course, and the narrow, winding streams certainly appealed to their aesthetic natures.

Nancy enjoyed every moment of it. She advised against small tents for camping, however. "Ever tried changing clothes in one of those things?" she smiled. No . . . but I had to change clothes in the front seat of a car when I came up short a motel room once . . . try that on for size!

Canoeing in remote areas like Ocala's National



The crystal clear waters of the Juniper Springs run entice many canoers to the Ocala National Forest, these warm days.



By ELGIN WHITE

Forest is an ideal boating pastime. And in runs like Juniper and Alexander, you can only make it in canoes. The way is narrow, shallow, and dense, and larger craft simply could not navigate.

Like I stated in a recent issue of *FLORIDA WILDLIFE*, canoeing is making as big a comeback as short skirts. I have had so many inquiries about canoes since I ran that little piece on John Cassady's Seminole Canoes down in Longwood, that you would think the Indians are planning another uprising. Darned if I don't think I'm going to have to join the canoeing for lunch bunch, or some crowd like that!

ANYONE REMEMBER A STORY we did about two years ago on a cruise across southern Florida with Charlie Miller of Miami? Charlie is a dentist, if you recall, and aboard a boat is a worrier. Charlie worries about everything. He cleans the seats, he checks the compass, he looks about the gunwales, he peers into the transom, he counts every strand in the lines, he takes a screwdriver and tightens every screw on the boat, and last, but certainly not least, Charlie blows the bilges, getting all the fumes out.

We need more worrying Charlies. There would be fewer accidents and much more safe boating on our waterways.

And you know what? According to people who conduct powerboat safety inspections, a fire extinguisher is the item most frequently involved when deficiencies are found!

That wouldn't happen to Charlie. I think he has a fire extinguisher about every three feet on a boat. Charlie is a real worrier about fires, and who can blame him?

Bob Brewster of Mercury Motors tells us that the average boater seldom encounters fire afloat. However, the purpose of safety regulations is to guard against the unexpected, and experience shows there can be fires on board.

State regulations regarding fire extinguishers vary, and even federal regulations change to keep them up to date. If in doubt as to whether your boat must carry one, consult your dealer, talk to a state motorboat inspector, or trailer your rig into any active Coast Guard station for an authoritative opinion.

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from preceding page)

As a general rule, extinguishers are required on all inboard-engined craft and on those outboards which have lockers, cabins, compartments, bilge spaces or any other closed areas which could fill with fumes from leaking or spilled fuel.

An extinguisher is of no value if it is poorly installed or not in operating condition. Approved extinguishers now have pressure gauges on them so there will never be any doubt as to the state of the charge.

When deciding where to install a fire extinguisher, find a location where the pressure gauge will be easy to see. Frequent checks will prevent getting an equipment deficiency ticket from an inspector for having an extinguisher with inadequate pressure.

Also try to install the extinguisher where the boat's operator can reach it quickly, regardless of where fire may break out. For example, if installed in the forward part of a cruiser's cabin, a flare-up of the galley stove at the rear of the cabin may cut off access to the extinguisher.

Some extinguishers are discharged by pulling a trigger and others by squeezing the handle. Try to locate your extinguisher where it will be protected from spray, and make sure it is held securely in its bracket.

LOT OF PEOPLE ARE pretty squeamish, and rightly so, about taking an outboard into the wide expanses of the open sea. I have been out into the Gulf on several occasions in an 18-footer and found the experience quite thrilling and completely safe. Of course, we had calm seas and a couple of powerful motors to handle any emergency that might crop up.

But the recent Miami-Nassau powerboat race found some outboards coming into their own in competing with the ocean racing hulls.

Jim Wynne of Miami took his 28-foot Formula Special with two supercharged 500 h.p. engines across the finish line first, as was expected. But what wasn't expected was the fifth, sixth and eighth place finish by outboards powered with Mercs.

Chet Strickland of Sarasota was the first to finish in an outboard, pushing a 20-foot Glastron across the line. Chet had three (count 'em) Merc 110's attached, which pushed that Glastron along like a bat out of you know where!

Several persons have tried the tricky crossing from the east Florida coast to the Bahamas and Bimini in outboards. You can make it, if you have the intestinal fortitude, I think it's called. You wouldn't catch me out there in an outboard unless I knew the Atlantic and Gulf Stream would be like glass for at least three days! That's rough country, and it is strictly big boat territory. Don't be foolish!

WITH EVERYONE GETTING in the swim here in the middle of the summer, you might give some thought to this:

Remember when we were kids learning to swim, and the instructor explained to us to use the "buddy system?" The nub of it was that two persons were to swim together, therein insuring the safety of each member of the team.

Well, the same system has been adopted in the main by outboarders, and there are a good many reasons for it.

One family may own an outboard cruiser, the cabin and conveniences of which are fine for catering to a brood of children. But this craft may not be as handy for fishing, exploring and off-the-beach skiing as might be desired. Another family owns a utility runabout, perfect for such use but not so good for family comforts.

Result . . . the two families get together and go places as a "task force," prepared for any sport, because the two different boats will do any job.

Another advantage is that time can be put to better use. The men may want to fish, the youngsters to ski and the ladies to lounge on the beach. With two boats available, there can be a fishing party and a beach party at the same time, pleasing everyone.

Safety, too, is a factor. When it is necessary to cross an open stretch of water it is comforting to have another boat tagging along. If the route penetrates deep into wild country, such as a swamp or a chain of lakes, a lone boat can be in a jam if it encounters trouble. When a pair of boats go together, there is always one ready to help the other, if the occasion arises. There is seldom need for it, but ask any skipper if the peace of mind doesn't make the trip far more pleasant.

I know when we make these cruises all around the state, we usually have three boats, and we have found on several occasions one would break down and we'd have to double up in the other two. Outboarding has made tremendous advances in the past few years, but there is still that old motor trouble bugaboo that is still with us at times.

SAY, SPEAKING OF CANOES, and more people are all the time, we received a very nice letter from E. J. Arahill, principal of Richmond Heights Junior High School in Miami. E. J. and son fall into the category of "buffs," I would say, and he wrote a long, long letter about his canoeing experiences . . . all in longhand!



Outboards like this are moving into ocean racing with a vengeance. This craft finished sixth in Miami-Nassau run.



E. J. Arahill, principal of Richmond Heights Junior High in Miami, rigged his craft with an excellent sail arrangement.

In part, E. J. says: "You mentioned in your April issue of *FLORIDA WILDLIFE* the growing popularity of the canoe. It was a pleasure to learn that many are becoming aware of the possibilities of that grateful craft. The canoe is perfectly suited to Florida Bay and the Keys flats.

"One can car-top a canoe to any likely-looking six inches of water anywhere along the Keys and 'put in.' My 12-year-old son and I can easily handle our Grumman (18' by 85 lbs.) over rocks and shallows and reach prime fishing waters within 30-45 minutes.

"We use a 3 h.p. Johnson that hasn't faltered in the three years we have been using it."

E. J. says he has had an "upset" or two, but repeats that proper handling makes a canoe as seaworthy as any other craft. He says the long lines of the canoe (not unlike those of a destroyer) ride waves amazingly well.

I sorta agree with Arahill when he says "... paddling silently through the mangroves pretty well takes one back to another world." I have been through mangrove swamps in the Everglades many times, albeit never in a canoe. I can imagine that swishing silently through those amazing waters would be quite an experience.

Now, the latest gimmick with E. J. is sailing his canoe. "We carry 65 feet of dacron sail," he continues, "and have been astounded as the canoe be-

comes a different craft. We have sailed Biscayne Bay in the choppiest weather we have had this year and have yet to go over.

"It is a wet boat in a 25 knot breeze and some bailing is required in three-foot waves. (Editor's comment: I would run from three foot waves on a battleship).

"We made our own leeboards and fitted the luff spar and boom from sailfish equipment. A 9' bamboo attached to the tiller bar seems to have suggested itself and is superior to the tiller usually used."

E. J. enclosed several pictures of his little canoe in action, and I'll tell you this . . . sailing a canoe looks as exciting as any boating experience one could undertake. If I can find shallow enough water (where I will *undoubtedly* spill) I'm gonna sail me a canoe. Please alert the Coast Guard.

AND SPEAKING OF rough water . . . there are many different kinds of waves. (Settle down, sailors, I'm not talking about the Navy's girl corps.)

Boaters in coastal areas are familiar with the ones called "swells." These are widely-spaced, round-topped waves which roll shoreward in a steady procession. They can be small or large. Coming from storm-tossed areas far at sea, swells are like the ripples that spread out-ward when a pebble is dropped into a quiet pond.

Swells can be encountered on a completely calm day, and their well-rounded crests pose little problem to small boat skippers.

The sizeable waves which roll out on each side of a large boat could also be called swells in that they have well-rounded tops. The main hazard of these swells is meeting them suddenly due to a lack of watchfulness by the skipper.

A "cross sea" occurs when local, wind-driven waves run in one direction over a swell coming from another direction. If a cross sea is really building up, being in it can make a skipper apprehensive as the water seems to tumble and heave in different directions. Experienced coastal boaters always keep a sharp eye out for cross seas and take them in stride by deft use of wheel and throttle.

Every boater meets "wind waves." The stronger the wind, the more it heaps them up. This makes their faces steep and their backs round. Going with these waves is far more comfortable than speeding into them. When heading into wind waves, wave speed is added to boat speed and rate of impact is high. When going with the waves, wave speed is subtracted from boat speed.

When running along with the waves, or in a "following sea," it is usually best to maintain a speed which will allow the boat to overtake them at a moderate, controllable rate. When a boat goes slower than the speed of large waves, they tend to lift and push the boat's stern around. This is called broaching, and it is possible for wave action to roll a boat. So watch your waves, skipper. ●

One In Fifty

Limited supply of surplus carbines converted
into special custom hunting rifles

MUZZLE
FLASHES



By EDMUND McLAURIN

BACK IN 1875, the Winchester factory got an idea for novel sales promotion of their Model 73 lever-action repeating rifle, then already popular for hunting and Indian-fighting.

The gunmakers had noticed that every once in awhile an exceptionally smooth-functioning and accurate rifle would show up during run-of-the-mill tests. Some bright lad in the front office hit upon the idea of setting aside these exceptional Model 73 performers, dressing them up a bit and stamping their barrels with the distinctive designation "One of One Thousand."

One hundred and thirty-six of the "One of One Thousand" model were made and sold.

When the movie "Winchester 73," starring James Stewart, was made with stress on one of the rifles, a nationwide search for still existing similar Winchester was made. A surprising number of the original 136 were located. Today, these remaining Winchester have high market value.

Many thousands of M1 Carbines, both war surplus and of private manufacture, have been sold to present day shooters. Few will likely ever merit distinction.

Among the few that will are the fifty custombuilt, sporterized M1 Carbines being assembled and beautified by the Williams Gun Sight Company, of Davison, Michigan, gunsmiths as well as suppliers of shooting accessories.

A selected M1 Carbine action is fitted with a special, thumb-hole pistol grip, Mannlicher style stock designed by Reinhart Fajen, famous gunstock maker of Warsaw, Missouri. Metal surfaces are attractively blued, and the cartridge clip reduced to five shot capacity size for additional appearance.

The usual military receiver sight is replaced with one of better finishing and of micrometer-click precision in respect to windage and elevation adjustments and positive locking. An ivory bead front sight on a $\frac{3}{32}$ " high matted-face ramp completes the sighting equipment.

Sling swivels are added to the tastefully checkered and hand finished stock, then a carved leather sling strap is put on. To commemorate these custom M1 Carbines, the Williams Company is stamping the barrel band of each rifle with the words "One of Fifty."

Since only 50 will be made and sold, it is highly probable that these M1 Carbines will take their own particular bit of fame as the years go by and their original number diminish. In time, some of the orig-

inal purchases are sure to change hands, and if you miss out on being among the original fifty persons placing orders, you may still be fortunate.

NORMA, an internationally established name in commercial center fire sporting ammunition manufacture and in the making of components for home reloading, is fast bringing out new calibers to meet both consumer demands and the trend toward general use of smaller, high velocity calibers for deer and other medium size game.

Recent completely-loaded, ready-to-use cartridge additions include loadings for the 6mm Remington, the 6.5 Carcano, the low-trajectory .223, and the .22-250 (varmint class) caliber.

The 6mm Remington caliber loading features a semi-pointed soft-point 100-grain bullet that develops 3190 f.p.s. muzzle velocity. At 100 yards bullet velocity had dropped to only 2920 f.p.s., and bullet energy is 1890 foot pounds—a real wallop for so small a bullet.

The factory-loaded NORMA 6.5 Carcano cartridge embodies a 156-grain soft-point, round nose bullet that gives muzzle velocity of 2000 f.p.s., and desirably low breech pressure, in military or converted to sporter Carcanos.

NORMA's .223 (civilian) caliber load is the sporting counterpart of the high velocity, low-trajectory .223 caliber cartridge being used in Vietnam. The caliber is especially liked because of its light recoil (a great advantage when making fast follow-up shots) and its excellent ballistics over even such extreme ranges as 400 and 500 yards.

The NORMA center fire .223 caliber sporting cartridge is a rimless bottleneck loaded with a 55-grain



Manufacturer of Olympic grade sporting ammunition is fast bringing out variety loadings for new rifle models.



The dressed-up .30 caliber M1 Carbine rifle, one of fifty commemorative pieces by the Williams Gun Sight Company.

Spitzer soft-point bullet. Muzzle velocity is 3300 f.p.s., with 1330 foot pounds of muzzle energy. After 100 yards of bullet flight, bullet velocity and energy are still high—2900 f.p.s. and 1027 foot pounds of energy. Because barrels of .223 caliber chambering are rifled with a twist of one turn in 12 inches, the .223 will handle bullets between 55 and 63 grains admirably.

Souped-up .22 center fire calibers are coming back. One of the most accurate of the current lot is the .22-250, especially popular with varmint hunters and accuracy-seeking bench rest shooters. For the .22-250, NORMA uses a 50-grain soft point bullet that zips out of rifle muzzle at 3800 f.p.s.

IN PRACTICAL USE sense, a quality shotgun can be accurately compared to a top-grade paint brush. . . . Either, in skilled hands, will produce beautiful results. Likewise, it is possible to improve skillful use of either by collateral reading, as well as experience.

Once in a long while, a truly useful shotgun book title is added to the list of hard-back books on shotgun shooting. The latest is "Shotguns and Shooting," by E. S. (Ted) McCawley of Remington Arms Company.

In developing the text and profuse illustrations, Ted McCawley had the benefit of his extensive firearms technical background, personal field experience and consulting collaboration with Remington's research engineers.

I am privileged to know Ted McCawley personally, and over the years we have exchanged many

letters. His book is written in the same concise, but adequate, style of his letters. You will find it easy to read, and to the point.

Contents are embracive. Besides a history of the shotgun and its specific applications, there are informative chapters on tested techniques for field, trap and Skeet shooting; a review of gauges, choke borings, barrel lengths, stock dimensions and muzzle devices and tips on upland hunting, waterfowl hunting and competitive target shooting, including proper gun mounting and handling.

The chapter devoted to alternate use of the shotgun as a big game rifle, firing rifled slugs, is especially informative. Page 110 of the book features a ballistics table that interestingly compares the performance of rifled slugs with such calibers as the .30-30 Winchester, .30 Remington, .30 M1 Carbine, .35 Remington and .44 Remington Magnum over ranges from muzzle to 100 yards.

Publisher is D. Van Nostrand Company, Princeton, New Jersey; price is \$5.95. Your local bookstore can order "Shotguns and Shooting" for you.

YOUR Florida state hunting license, during its calendar period of validity, entitles you to the additional privilege of hunting skunk, red and gray fox, bobcat, raccoon, nutria, armadillo, crows, buzzards and certain other specified varmint class animals and birds between regular seasons. You must, however, have your unexpired hunting license in your possession while afield.

Varmint hunting is great sport. For best results, use callers and camouflage. Your local area Wildlife Officer can acquaint you with exact particulars, and suggest good places to hunt.

Now, another Florida law—House Bill No. 827—passed during the last legislative session, further protects your right to lawfully own and use sporting firearms.

House Bill No. 827, a state law that supercedes any law, ordinance or regulation in conflict therewith, not only clearly defines sportmen's rights, but hits a body blow to the old, vague and often legally misconstrued Florida laws 790.05 and 790.06, by specifically declaring that lawful hunting and target shooting under safe conditions shall be exempt from the named Florida Statutes.

Friend Al Jones, Jones Equipment Company, 2017 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Florida 33020, has had the entire text of House Bill No. 827 reprinted as a public information service to sportsmen-shooters. He says he will be glad to mail a copy of House Bill No. 827 to any reader of FLORIDA WILDLIFE requesting it.

By all means obtain a copy of House Bill No. 827 and read its provisions very carefully. For the first time in Florida legislative history, sportsmen have clearly defined rights, legally and individually guaranteed so long as they conduct themselves as good citizens and sportsmen. ●

CONSERVATION SCENE

(Continued from page 4)

something above 50,000 pairs of Sooty Terns and one tenth that number of Brown Noddies. The banding project was carried on by the Florida Audubon Society alone from 1937-41. Since 1959 when the work was resumed the Society has had the cooperation of the National Park Service and the Florida State Museum. Over a hundred thousand Sooty Terns have been banded at the Dry Tortugas with banded birds recovered in many eastern states, in the West Indies, Central and northern South America and in several countries of West Africa. One hundred of the Sooty Terns banded since the late 1930's have returned to be recaptured in the Tortugas in recent years, with the records from band numbers fixing their ages at from 18 to 28 years.

Leaders of the 1966 expeditions are Oliver L. Austin, Jr. of the Florida State Museum, Gainesville and William B. Robertson, Jr. of the National Park Service, Homestead who conducted trip No. 1, and C. Russell Mason, of the Florida Audubon Society, Maitland and Dr. Robertson who leads trip No. 2. Adult terns are banded in the early season, largely young, but some adults as well, are banded on the 2nd trip. In 1965 the Tortugas terns banded ran above 20,000.

The Golden Passport

A "GOLDEN PASSPORT" to the Nation's top outdoor recreation areas represents the greatest bargain yet for campers, hikers, boaters, fishermen and other outdoor enthusiasts.

This wallet-size card will admit you and all those accompanying you in a private vehicle into approximately 7,000 Federal recreation areas; and for as many times as you want during a one-year period. Since many of these Federal areas charge entrance fees, the \$7 Golden Passport can

more than pay for itself on one vacation trip.

The Federal Recreation Area Entrance Permit, however, is much more than just a bargain for the outdoor-minded public. It is also an investment in the outdoor recreation future of the United States because the money from its sale goes into the Land and Water Conservation Fund.

This Fund, which is also supported by receipts from the sale of surplus Federal land and a tax on motor boat fuels, will provide a major boost for the Nation's outdoor recreation resources. Forty percent of the Fund will be used to create additional Federal recreation areas such as National Parks, recreational facilities at Federal reservoirs, and others. Sixty percent of the Fund will go to States, counties, and municipalities in the form of recreation grants to be matched 50-50 from local revenues.

The "Golden Passport" is available at all Federal areas where entrance fees are charged. It may also be purchased at all offices of the Corps of Engineers, the Forest Service, the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service, the TVA, various agencies of the Department of the Interior, offices of the American Automobile Association, certain national conservation organizations, and by mail from the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, Washington, D. C.

Individuals purchasing a \$7

Golden Passport by mail from the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, Box 7763, Washington, D. C. 20044, will receive a Golden Eagle Family Award Certificate suitable for framing and a handsome Golden Eagle lapel insignia.

A major boom in bigger and better outdoor recreation areas is just over the horizon; but only if you do your part by purchasing the "Golden Passport," a blue chip stock in America's outdoor recreation future.

Conservation Workshop

FISHERMEN who would make fishing companions of their children will be interested in the training program at the Florida Youth Conservation Camp operated by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission in the Ocala National Forest.

Open for boys and girls between the ages of 10 and 14, the Florida Youth Conservation Camp is more than a summer vacation or an escape from "pencils, books and teacher's dirty looks." The camp is a conservation workshop designed to teach the value of natural resource conservation through participation in outdoor activities.

The Youth Conservation Camp continues through August 13, for seven sessions of summer training in nature study, camping, fishing, hunting, archery, firearms safety and marksmanship, swimming and boating.

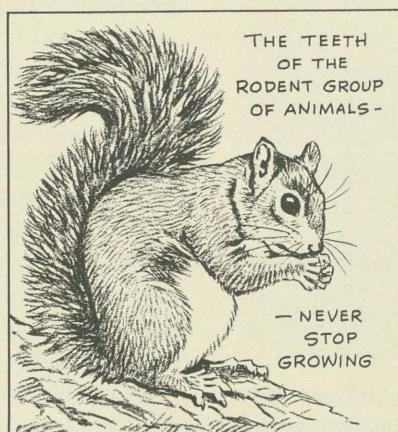
Complete information on the Youth Conservation Camp and applications for reservations may be obtained by writing the Youth Conservation Camp, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Ocala, Florida.

Alligator Law Proposed

THE DEPARTMENT of the Interior has asked Congress to provide for increased wildlife protection and facilitate enforcement of certain criminal statutes covering offenses against wildlife.

A Department-proposed amend-

Nature Notes



ment to the Criminal Code would extend protective Federal laws to every part of the United States in order to curb the million-dollar a-year alligator poaching racket that is depleting these valuable reptiles. Alligator hides are in great demand for expensive shoes and purses. Raw hides 5 to 6 feet long sell for \$6 a foot. The Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife reported these prices create an incentive for poachers to violate State laws designed to protect alligators, now on the Department's list of endangered species.

Existing law makes it a Federal offense to transport in interstate traffic wild mammals and birds taken in violation of State, Federal, or foreign law. The Department has suggested that the law be extended to cover reptiles (such as alligators), amphibians (frogs), mollusks, including oysters and clams, and crustacea, such as crabs and lobsters.

The Department also proposed amendments concerning penalties designed to protect wild animals and property on Federal sanctuaries, refuges, or breeding grounds.

As proposed, the Criminal Code would be amended in four ways:

... Extend coverage to all Federal areas administered for the conservation of wildlife and to all other Federal areas that may be set aside by the Secretary of the Interior to aid wildlife.

... Define "wildlife" to include wild mammals and birds, reptiles, amphibians, fish, mollusks, crustacea, and all other classes of wild animals.

... Prohibit violation of regulations set by United States agencies responsible for wildlife areas concerning automobiles, disorderly conduct, or littering.

... Provide new authority to Interior Department employees to arrest persons violating regulations and to search for and seize any property used or possessed illegally.

A third recommendation would

amend the Criminal Code governing importation of injurious species of wildlife. At present, the Secretaries of Interior and Treasury share enforcement responsibility, but there is no provision for arrests or seizure of property used in violation of this section. The proposed bill would provide Interior and Customs Bureau employees with this authority.

Wild River Destruction

THE FLORIDA Audubon Society noted recently that the systematic destruction of Florida's wild rivers and their natural beauty has recently received sharp criticism from two widely-separated quarters.

Eight hundred delegates to the 23rd annual convention of the

Florida Association of Student Councils, gathered in Melbourne, passed a resolution asking that "the few remaining rivers left in the State of Florida remain as they are now—beautiful, scenic rivers which abound in wildlife."

The high school students pointed out that the "young people of today and the electors of tomorrow, desire to have the same chance to live in the natural beauties and wonders of the world as our fathers and their fathers before them."

Noting that "an attempt to turn certain rivers in Florida into barge canals by dredging will affect the wildlife in and around these rivers," and also that they "represent not only the few remaining wild rivers in Florida,

(Continued on next page)

FOR MORE RECREATION LANDS AND WATERS

OPERATION GOLDEN EAGLE NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT



\$7 MAKES YOURS A GOLDEN EAGLE FAMILY

... buys a 1-year Golden Passport for you and your family to 7,000 Federal Outdoor Recreation Areas plus a handsome Award Certificate, suitable for framing. Every penny of your \$7 is used for more State, county, local and Federal Recreation Lands and Waters. Mail coupon today.

OPERATION GOLDEN EAGLE
Bureau of Outdoor Recreation
Dept. B Box 7763
Washington, D. C. 20044

Send me Golden Passport and Award Certificate. Enclosed check ☐ money order ☐ for \$7, payable to Bureau of Outdoor Recreation.

NAME (Please print) _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____

ZIP _____

OR-T _____

(Continued from preceding page) but also the rapidly diminishing number of natural rivers in the entire United States which have remained unspoiled by commercial enterprise," the student council delegates concluded by calling on the Governor of Florida to preserve the beauties and the life of the remaining wild rivers of the state.

Focusing national attention on the Florida work of "The River Spoilers" is a hard-hitting article of that title in the current issue

of AUDUBON MAGAZINE which has been distributed to tens of thousands of Audubon Society members across the continent.

Arthur Stephen Trumbull, a special writer for the Miami Herald and an authority on Florida's rivers, charges that the state is trading its irreplaceable river scenery for political pork. He laments that the Sunshine State's once wild and beautiful rivers are fast losing their Spanish moss charm to bulldozers, draglines and dredges.

Latest stream on the doomed list is the lovely Oklawaha, once selected by a federal study team as worthy of national wild rivers protection. Rich in scenic beauty, history and wildlife, 45 miles of the heartland of the Oklawaha is now in the process of being excavated, dammed and flooded as a link in the Cross Florida Barge Canal. Inundated will be 27,000 acres of timberland—live oak, sweetgum and pine—including 5,000 acres of the Ocala National Forest. ●

THE CONSERVATION JOB

(Continued from page 5)

Although resented in some facets of conservation work, the hunting and fishing public still look upon the conservation warden as the "front-man" of the state conservation agencies. This is also true in the case of the federal game agents. The warden is the man who is asked about the seasons and bag limits and a place to hunt and fish. He gets complaints on crop damage, illegal hunting, pollution problems, fish kills, car-killed game and why the mosquitoes bite.

By the very nature of his job he deals more with a very vocal public. He is a symbol of regulations—sometimes liked and sometimes only tolerated—and all he can give away "for free" is advice. His advice should always be honest and accurate, but it isn't always palatable. Throughout the year he sees a lot of game and game habitat under all conditions, and if he is worth his salt, he will see it in the nighttime as well as the day. He constantly feels the pressure of a public interested in their own particular kind of recreation, but also intent on taking some game home with them. Sometimes a warden gets full up to the neck with a seemingly blood-thirsty public. That is why he is often more conservative in the matter of seasons and bag limits than the fish and game

managers. In recent years many wardens have had to become shepherds for boat safety, which to me has little to do with the basic job of protecting fish and game and forests.

I have come to the conclusion that different phases of conservation work develop different attitudes. Possibly the attitudes are there before the new prospects enter the field. Truly game and fish managers have their problems, but public pressure does not pile up on them to the same degree as it does on a warden, nor do they have to make on-the-spot decisions as to whether someone has over-stepped the law. Generally they can make more leisurely decisions. Instant decision making becomes a discipline, and in enforcement too many wrong decisions cannot be made. If they are, the officer may find himself in court as the defendant.

I have known a number of persons in all fields with the highly desirable quality of equal interest and willingness to learn. A profound interest in all phases of conservation should come first, the specialty second. However, an interest in wildlife does not make a competent biologist, nor does a badge make a warden.

Competition with biologists, foresters and researchers has been healthy for conservation wardens, even though they may itch under such conditions. Competition has improved the scho-

lastic standards, general training and techniques, and indirectly has been responsible for improved equipment. The capacity for public speaking, knowledge of laws, of court procedures and general ecology, plus personal appearance is much better than in the past. Within a conservation agency competition can be a virtue, but if pursued only for empire building it can be a vice. Complete and coordinated use of manpower rests with top administration.

One thing has become noticeable. The common work habits of the nation are becoming entrenched in the management of resources. No field man in conservation, whatever his specialty, can do a proper or adequate job in eight hours a day or forty hours a week. Too many are now attempting to do so. Nature or hunters or fishermen or forest fires do not go by the clock.

Conservation achievement can only be measured by an evangelistic dedication which transcends hours or fringe benefits. The job is the number one concern regardless of any personal disadvantages.

In hiring young men just out of school I have been disturbed by the fact that they seemed more concerned about all of the benefits attendant to the job than what the job was going to require of them. They are the type who blame politics because they were not hired. ●

For that BIG ONE



that didn't

get away

ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS SPECIES

LARGEMOUTH BASS

.....8 pounds or larger

CHAIN PICKEREL

.....4 pounds or larger

BLUEGILL (BREAM)

.....1 1/2 pounds or larger

SHELLCRACKER

.....2 pounds or larger

BLACK CRAPPIE

.....2 pounds or larger

RED BREAST

.....1 pound or larger

All fish must be taken from the fresh waters of the state of Florida, as defined by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Fish must be caught on conventional fishing tackle, with artificial or live bait, in the presence of at least one witness.

The catch must be weighed and recorded at a fishing camp or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S FISHING CITATION

is available without charge, to any and all subscribers to Florida Wildlife Magazine, and their immediate families, who catch any of the fresh-water game fish of the prescribed species and size requirements. Citation, showing recorded date of the catch, will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of the following application form that has been properly filled out and signed.

Only fishing citation applications received within 90 days from date of catch will be honored.

APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE Date _____
Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

Please send me the Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation with the inscribed data listed below:

Name (please print) _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

Species _____ Weight _____ Length _____

Type of Tackle _____

Bait or Lure Used _____

Where Caught _____ in _____ County

Date Caught _____ Catch Witnessed By _____

Registered, Weighed By _____ At _____

(Signature of Applicant)

CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS APPLICATION BLANK

SUBSCRIBE NOW

Florida WILDLIFE

The Florida Magazine For ALL Sportsmen

12 Big Issues of Hunting and Fishing

for only \$2.50

TWO YEARS, 24 ISSUES, \$4.75

THREE YEARS, 36 ISSUES, \$6.25

FLORIDA WILDLIFE Magazine
Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission
Tallahassee, Florida 32304

Enter or extend my subscription for _____ year(s)
for FLORIDA WILDLIFE.

☐ Check; ☐ Cash; ☐ Money Order herewith.

Mailing Address:

Name _____

Street No. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

When sending change of address or inquiring about subscription, please include address impression from most recent copy you have received. To insure delivery of all copies, changes of address should be mailed as soon as possible. Zip Code numbers must be included.

Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission
Tallahassee, Florida 32304